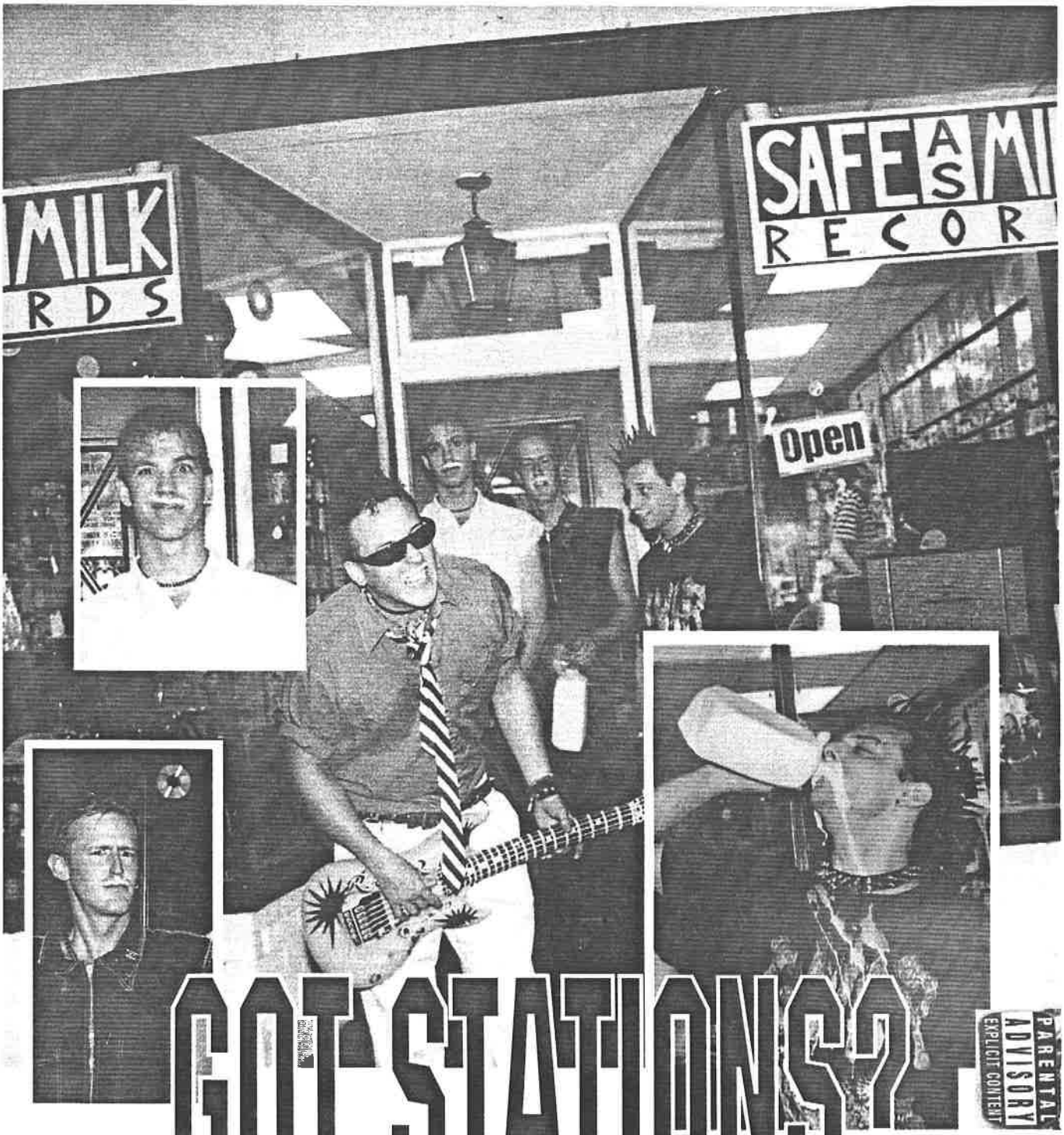
FENCE

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 2 SEPTEMBER 199NINE



GOT STATIONS?!

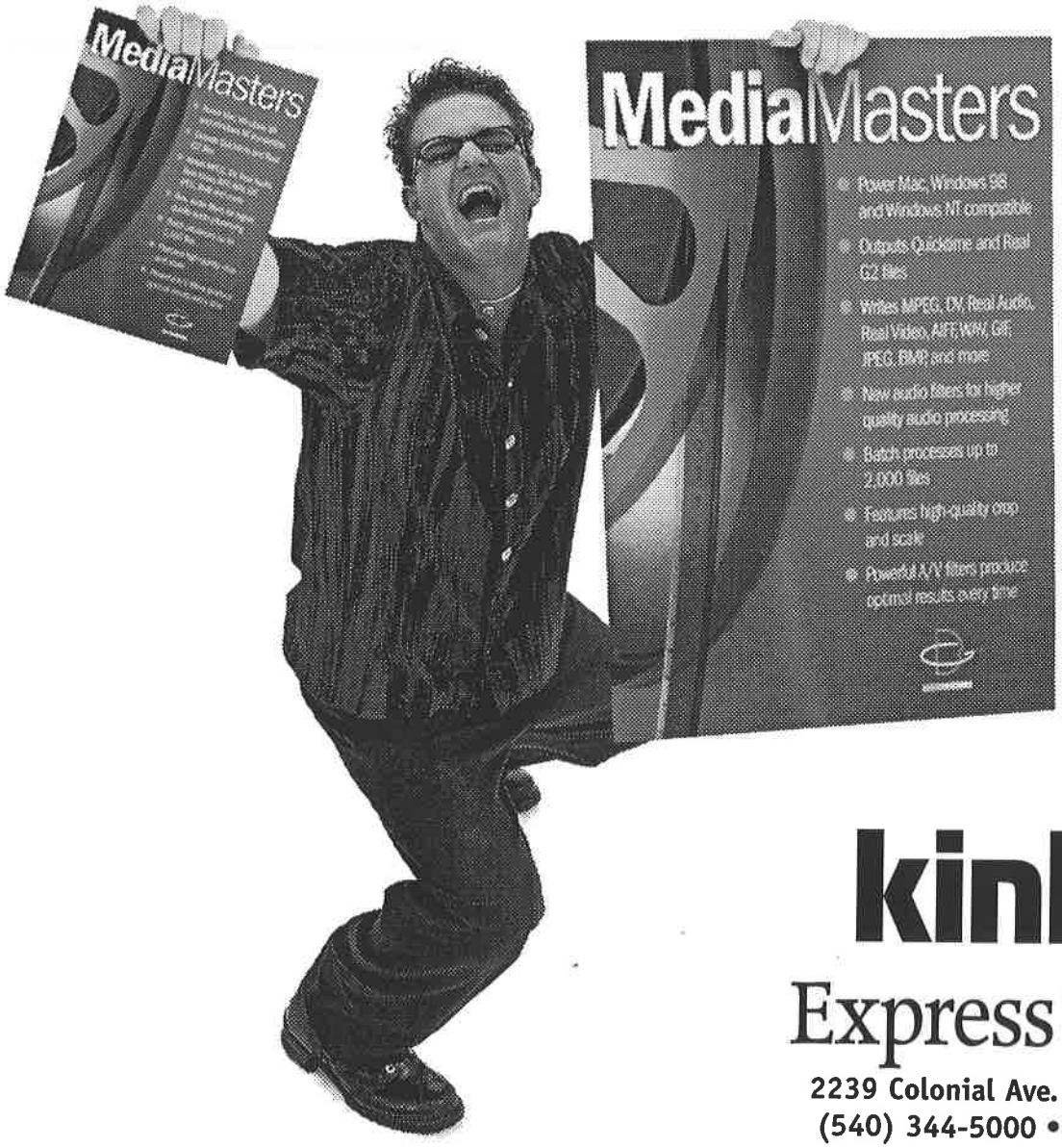
PLUS: MUSIC. SEX. NEWS. TRAVEL. DRINK. STUFF. CHOCOLATE.

Try Poster Size Color Prints!

1 Bring us your file on CD or disk (Zip™ or floppy).

2 Output your file on our oversize color printer.

3 Laminate or mount to create a big impression.


MediaMasters
MediaMasters
Power Mac, Windows 98 and Windows NT compatible
Outputs Quicktime and Real G2 files
Writes MPEG, DV, Real Audio, Real Video, AIFF, WAV, GIF, JPEG, BMP, and more
New audio filters for higher quality audio processing
Batch processes up to 2,000 files
Features high-quality crop and scale
Powerful A/V filters produce optimal results every time

Let a co-worker help you make your big ideas even bigger.

kinko's®

Express Yourself.™

2239 Colonial Ave. • Roanoke, VA 24015
(540) 344-5000 • Fax (540) 345-6588

FENCE

VOLUME 1 ISSUE 2
SEPTEMBER 199NINE

EDITORS
DARTH BROOKS
BOB'S JOHNSON
PLATO SHRIMP

CONTRIBUTORS
VINCE ERUPTUM
CLIFF EROSION
CALLIOPE
ANTOINETTE VOLLEY
ADAIR BRANNER
COLONEL BLIMP
SANDI CLAM
PLANET KT
WILLIAM B. MASSEY III
PLATO SHRIMP
KITTY CHOCOLAT
BOB'S JOHNSON
DARTH BROOKS
RIP
NOTWOLF
GARGIRL
DOGBOLTER

PHOTOGRAPHY
KENT MOORE

PRINTED BY
KINKO'S
(A THOUSAND THANKS FROM ALL AT FENCE)

FENCE IS FREE TO THOSE WHO CAN AFFORD IT. WE MAKE NO MONEY FROM PUBLISHING IT, IN FACT WE LOSE IT. HAVE SOME RESPECT FOR COPYRIGHT. WE'VE TAKEN STUFF FROM OTHER SOURCES, AND WE CREDIT THOSE SOURCES WHEREVER POSSIBLE. PLEASE DO THE SAME IF YOU GET THE URGE TO COPY STUFF FROM THIS OR ANY ISSUE OF FENCE.

FENCE © 1999

PUBLISHED BY CONTENT OVER PLOT
POB 19136, ROANOKE VA 24019
CONTENTOVERPLOT@YAHOO.COM

GET OFF THE FENCE AND WRITE TO US

CONTENTS

2 **BLISTER YER KNICKERS**
Where we tell you what we think, and you tell us what you think.

4 **REVIEWS**
Reviews of live Roanoke shows by **The Sums**, **The Diplomats**, **The Crossed Out Heirs** . . . of new releases by **Frank Black and the Catholics**, and **Olivia Tremor Control** . . . of Atlanta grrrl power-pop trio **The Stimulants** . . . of *Fence*'s favorite websites, and more.

10 **CITIZEN YOUTH**
Darth Brooks interviews **Stations**, early architects of the Roanoke scene, and this town's hardest-working band.

14 **SHORT STORIES**
Eyelids by **Calliope**, and *Star 69 #7* by **Kitty Chocolate.**

16 **WHITE TRASH GARAGE POETRY**
Fence exclusive – blood-curdling material from Texas renegade white-trash garage poet **William B. Massey III.**

18 **BUBBA HAS HIV?**
Just because you're straight and you love Jesus doesn't mean you're safe from HIV. A Fence sex special (complete with free rubber johnny for your safe shagging pleasure) by **Adair Branner.**

20 **I WAS A TEENAGE STRIPPER**
Antoinette Volley interviews herself about her character-building experiences while getting naked.

24 **WACKO EN MEXICO**
Travel special by **Cliff Erosion** on the beauty and bestiality (not to mention loony Scotsmen and UFOs) of Mexico's Baja California.

26 **MONDO COSMO**
Get shit-faced in urbane style with the help of the cosmopolitan **Colonel Blimp** in this boozing special.

28 **ARSE IMITATES LIFE**
The final thoughts of **Darth Brooks.**

BLISTER YER KNICKERS

Some call it the Letters Page. But not us, oh no. This is the best bit of any magazine – the part where you, our readers, get to moan, bitch and whine about all things profound and trivial. So write in to *Blister Yer Knickers* and get it off your chest.

Hey – Don't Forget to Vote

Have you ever wondered why Jesse Helms keeps getting elected? It's because the people who support him VOTE. Elections are coming up soon (November 2nd), so if you haven't registered yet – what the hell is wrong with you? It's a state law that you're registered at least thirty days prior to voting. I've provided a list of the places you can get mail-in applications, plus details of how to register on-line.

Get mail-in applications from:

- County election office (see below),
- Division of Motor Vehicles offices,
- Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC) offices,
- Medicaid offices,
- Food stamp offices,
- WIC benefits offices,
- Agencies that provide services to people with disabilities,
- Safe As Milk Records.

Hop online and fill out a voter registration application at:

http://www.fec.gov/votregis/vr.htm

Or visit your friendly neighborhood Registrars Office at:

215 Church Ave
Roanoke, VA 24005

Phone: (540) 853-2281
Fax: (540) 853-1025
Hours: M-F 8:00-5:00
E-mail: registra@ci.roanoke.va.us

Bob's Johnson
Roanoke, VA

FENCE COMMENT

By **Plato Shrimp**

EDITORIAL

You always get what you settle for

Look around you. Take a good, hard look at Roanoke's cultural scene. If you think that what you see represents freedom of speech and freedom of artistic expression, you had better think again.

Scratch the bland, parochial surface of Roanoke art, music and literature, and you will find little more than censorship driven by narrow-mindedness. You'll find a media and art establishment that wants to spoon-feed you safe, cozy, unchallenging gobs of candy.

It's not a conspiracy, it's an insult. It's insulting that the media think we're happy with little more than headlines, when what we want is the lid blown off the greed and corruption behind them. It's insulting that promoters think we'll settle for country music, cover bands and southern rock, when what we want is cutting edge independent. And it's insulting when galleries exhibit a few sticks and a wooden duck and call it art, when what we want is true artistic diversity.

What we want is to be stirred and shaken. We want to experience something more than this anodyne drivel. We want to be entertained, educated and shocked, not bored, patronized and stupefied.

That's why organizations like NoPhase exist, and that's why *Fence* exists. In this issue you'll find articles on white trash garage poetry, on the facts about HIV in rural Virginia, and on the exploding local art and music scene. You'll find opinion pieces, both humorous and vitriolic, and you'll find fun poked at just about everything and everybody.

In future issues we'll bring you the real local news behind those lazy headlines and yellow journalism. We'll bring you music, art and literature from downtown Roanoke and from around the world. In short, we'll bring you an unpredictable grab bag of all that's fun, fearless and filthy.

And you're going to help us do it, dear reader. With your help, *Fence* is going to run naked and screaming through Roanoke's atrophied suburban consciousness, pissing on its lawns and kicking over its statues.

– *Plato Shrimp*

Blister Yer Knickers

Wait Hate

What the hell is the problem with you cretins? Have an aneurysm at the table, why don't you, after asking for Coke and being told that the only cola we have is Pepsi. Did you see a Coke sign? No. That's because we don't have Coke. Not the slightest hint anywhere that we do. There are lots of Pepsi signs, though. Even on the front door! Do you come in and ask for Coke on purpose, just so you can wig out and burst yet another blood vessel?

Some Coke-loving patrons, of course, don't seem to care, and quite happily have Pepsi. And some, although slightly irked, order something else. But some of you – and here's the best bit – even after having your little fit, and being told the alternatives, still order Pepsi! What's up with that? Why would anyone order something they supposedly hate so much, especially when there's plenty of other sodas to choose from?

OK, so most people do have a Coke-Pepsi preference, but lets face it – at the end of the day, a cola is a cola. My own personal analogy would be that I love Portabella mushrooms, but hate the button variety. That's ludicrous! Yes, they have a different flavor, but they both taste mushroomy. You either like fungi or you don't (I hate them all, by the way). Surely, you either like cola or you don't. It just cannot be that big a deal. But what am I saying? It's obvious from the vein bulging in your forehead that it is a big deal! It makes me wonder – if something so banal winds you up so much, how do you react in a real crisis? I'm surprised you are still living. Living? Your sort have stopped "living". That's the problem. And you know who you are – the same people who never smile, never say hello or make eye contact, and never say please, thank-you, good-bye, or leave a decent tip (if anything at all).

Please, people, next time, when Coke is not an option, just smile and order water instead. Don't forget "please" and "thank-you" (go on, start living). If that whole concept is too unthinkable for your tiny, twisted minds to handle, then piss off to McDonalds. They have Coke, you don't have to tip, and the staff are as friendly as you are. Either way, it'll make my day.

Sandi Clam
Roanoke, VA

Yes, Virginia, There is a Sodomy Clause

Although this letter wasn't actually written to *Fence*, we liked it so much that we thought we'd share it with you, because it concerns Roanoke, and because it has a certain resonance with what *Fence* believes in.

From a May 9, 1999 letter by Franklin E. Kameny, a Washington DC activist, to Roanoke VA circuit judges Richard Pattisall and Robert Doherty, Roanoke assistant commonwealth's attorney Alice Ekirch, and Roanoke chief of police Atlas "Joe" Gaskins.

Last fall eighteen men were arrested during sting operations in Roanoke's Wasena Park for allegedly soliciting undercover officers to perform an act of sodomy, a felony under Virginia law. In May, Judges Pattisal and Doherty dismissed challenges to Virginia's anti-sodomy law.

Gentlepeople:

Given the decisions by Judges Doherty and Pattisal to uphold the recent arrests in Roanoke for solicitation of sodomy, and given the undisputed facts of American sexual practices – that over 90 percent of American adults engage in oral sex – I hereby solicit, urge, entreat, and invite each of you individually to engage with me in an act or acts of sodomy of your choice and, as defined by Section 18.2-361 of the Virginia Code, in some indisputably private place in the state of Virginia, at a time of our mutual convenience.

If I am not prosecuted for the instant solicitations contained herein, an equal-protection precedent will have been made on behalf of the eighteen defendants arrested for simple verbal solicitations. It is my intention to embarrass each of you individually by name, and to bring you into public contempt and ridicule, as well as to make a laughing stock of your benighted, barbaric, backward state of Virginia. I further urge that people march to Roanoke police stations and solicit every police officer in sight, and that officers be subject to mass solicitations wherever they go in order to provide impetus for the reconsideration and reform of Virginia's antiquated anti-sodomy laws.

Sincerely yours,
Franklin E. Kameny, Ph.D.

First published in Harper's Magazine, Vol. 299, No. 1791, Aug. 99, Page 26.

ALBUM REVIEWS

Frank Black and the Catholics
Pistolero (Spin Art)

This is Frank Black's fifth solo album, which means he's now equaled the output of his previous band, The Pixies. Most indifferent listeners feel he "peaked" with that band's demise, but really he just has a different job now, as well as a different name. He's no longer an innovator; he's now a conservationist.

When the Pixies debuted in 1987, there was a vacuum in modern music. Independent icons like Husker Du, The Replacements and REM all signed major label deals, and there really wasn't much of a fertile underground (except for the ever-present hardcore kids). Then, through the course of five albums on 4AD (which itself is kind of a coup for the mostly goth Bauhaus label), the Pixies paved the way for what would become indie-rock. Suddenly, it's 1993 and everywhere you turn, there's a college kid in a band with a sticker-covered guitar, a thrift-store T-shirt, and a 7" featuring their cover of "Where Is My Mind?" The Pixies were just one of a few bands, along with Sonic Youth and REM, that absolutely everyone in indie-rock agreed on. And come on, that plinky guitar, driving bass, cartoonish vocals - they all owe something to the Pixies!

Then he's off on his own in 1992, and ironically the Breeders have more commercial success. His solo albums spend time trying to find a voice (with one brilliant and concise 22-song opus, *Teenager Of The Year*), until last year. He took his band into the studio, set up a couple of microphones, and recorded *Frank Black and the Catholics* direct to two-track. It's straightforward, no pretense Rock 'n' Roll as originally conceived by our forefathers - loud guitars, punchy drums, snotty vocals.

Now, six months later, he's done it again with *Pistolero*. Now, he's found his voice! You can tell that the guy is inspired - two back-to-back albums of pure rock and roll that seems to almost career out of control. The band is

excited and energetic, playing with spazzy, make-this-one-count urgency. The band love his songs, you can hear it in their playing. And he seems to thrive in this band - he has a confidence that he never really had before, no doubt thanks to the competence of the group. *Pistolero* sounds fresh on each listen, perhaps because it was recorded live, dripping with energy, noise and mistakes. Either way, Frank Black sounds like a new man, happy to make music without living up to an image.

Fans of Black Francis' surreal lyrics will be disappointed. But this isn't Black Francis anymore. Pixies fans will have to stop pining for Kim Deal's dead-pan back-up vocals and Joey Santiago's strangled guitar. He doesn't care if he disappoints anyone, and isn't that rock 'n' roll, folks?

"I Want Rock & Roll" is a fitting theme song for the new Frank Black. A fist-raising, sing-along chorus in which you can imagine sweaty bodies pushing you up towards the stage - suddenly you don't care that you dropped your beer. No one can rock as FLUENTLY as they can. And that's just one aspect of the record. His knowledge of mid-tempo pop songs ("Skeleton Man") shows his respect for the British Invasion, while the slower songs smack of mid-70s Crazy Horse. And what makes it so great is that no one is really doing this anymore. Frank today is more like rock historian. *Pistolero* contains elements of Buddy Holly, Neil Young, The Stooges, The Kinks (especially in "Billy Radcliffe"), The Ramones - all of rock's greatest moments through the years - all the while sounding like Frank Black. He's really carrying the torch for guitar rock, a torch most people don't seem interested in today. But they will be. Guitar rock always comes back - just look at punk in the 70s, even the ill-fated grunge conspiracy. When the Beatles were rejected (!) from Decca in 1962,the reasoning was that "guitar bands are on the way out." Hmm...

- Vince Eruptum

Olivia Tremor Control

Black Foliage (Flydaddy)

It's 1967, and the Beatles release a record called *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, which unwittingly changes the way everyone sounds, dresses and thinks. Its influence is so broad and immediate that every artist in every medium is affected on some level, especially its own peers. Almost in a rush, bands like the Who and the Rolling Stones produced albums called *Their Satanic Majesties Request, The Who Sell Out, Ogden's Nut Gone Flake, The Village Green Preservation Society.* The imitation seemed almost jealous, but, distanced from the psychedelic hype of the time, the records have developed their own charms.

At the same time, Frank Zappa, who had always been on the outside of mainstream culture looking in with disdain, was busying his Mothers with *We're Only In It For The Money.* This was his once-and-for-all lyrical atom bomb for the West Coast psychedelic culture, which eventually fell on deaf (stoned?) ears. Most hippies thought Zappa was on their side, making a tongue-in-cheek comedy record, down to the Sgt. Pepper parody cover art, when in fact they were the targets. So it wasn't once-and-for-all, it turns out. The man made a career out of dissecting and humiliating his own fans. But the music was so unlike anything else. The album could have been instrumental and still be as revered as it is today. It was a hodgepodge of free jazz, classical composition, Spike Jones, straight-up rock, and cartoon soundtracks, all happening simultaneously and changing without warning or care for tradition. *We're Only In It For The Money* was so far from being rock 'n' roll that it must have seriously disturbed the kids who bought it because of the cartoony full-page ads Zappa placed in Marvel comics.

Now imagine that Paul McCartney, who was embarking on his nearly Beatle-free Magical Mystery Tour project, solicited Frank Zappa to produce the soundtrack. It's not much of a stretch to conceive. McCartney had

Live Review

Rock and Roll in Roanoke?

The Sums, The Diplomats, and the Crossed Out Heirs

Kara O'Caen's, Roanoke, Virginia, July 23, 1999

Don't look now, but on July 23rd there was a real, honest-to-God, rock 'n' roll show here in The City That Tends to Doze. Kara O'Caen's (formerly Durty Nellie's), on the corner of Jefferson and Kirk in downtown Roanoke, staged what was surely one of the best shows this town has seen.

Roanoke power-poppers **The Diplomats** were joined by Harrisonburg's **The Crossed Out Heirs** and **The Sums**, who together energetically pushed out almost three unwavering hours of forceful, upbeat originals seasoned with a few well-placed, old-school-British-invasion covers.

The Heirs' lead guitarist and vocalist, Chad, was the model rock front man, complete with Jagger vocal snarl and Townsend guitar abuse. Steady behind him, bassist Nikki - head either tipped back or spitting into the microphone - served up unbroken heavy guitar, building with Chad a rock-solid sonic foundation from which the band leaped. Opening with a wall of sound, they wove straight-on rock and roll, pop-punk and a bit of mod into a tight, loud, fury of noise that set the tone for the entire night.

The Diplomats proved that pop does not mean bubblegum crap. The band drew deep from pop's well, hauling up a set drenched with Big Star and the Kinks (including a cover of "Tired of Waiting"). They were obviously loving every second on stage, and the fizzy euphoria soon permeated the entire crowd. The set marked the debut of a Roanoke supergroup of sorts. The band consisted of Josh from **Shakespace** on bass and vocals, Hunter from **Vim Vigor Vitality** on drums, and Jack from **Raygun Theater** on guitar and vocals.

Although The Diplomats cooled the tempo somewhat from the Heirs' explosive opener, they played a tight, hook-laden set highlighted by originals "Chris Bell" and "Horse Girl". Their covers of The Kinks, The Only Ones ("Another Girl Another Planet"), and Placebo ("Nancy Boy") kept the whole Diplomatic experience animated and strong.

No one expected what came out of The Sums, who pummeled the audience with classic, good old-fashioned, piss-drunk-powerful rock and roll. After opening with instrumental pieces that hovered somewhere between surf and rockabilly, the band really hit their stride with some classic covers. After the first few notes of "I Can't Explain" had been yanked out, half the crowd turned and ran to the front of the room. Sixty seconds into this blistering cover, the other half were right behind, and the band had everybody in the bar screaming, jumping, sweating, and mouthing the lyrics. Without a pause, they ran right into "Jumping Jack Flash", and worked the crowd into a hoarse mob fueled by adrenaline and snakebite, before half the band crashed exhausted to the stage.

- Bob's Johnson

Loony Tunes

Fence asked Don Walker, the "Afternoon Loon" on Roanoke's top radio station, Z-101, to compile a virtual album of his favorite tunes. Instead, he gave us this.

Ramones *The KKK took my baby away*

Metallica *Trapped under ice*

Goldfinger *Here in our bedroom*

Descendants *Wendy*

All *She's my ex*

Ramones (again) *Bonzo goes to Bitzburg*

Misfits *Resurrection*

Misfits (again) *Skull*

Offspring *Cool to hate*

Me first and the Gimme Gimme's *Uptown girl*

Me First and the Gimme Gimme's (again) Rainbow connection

Helmet *In the meantime*

NIN *March of the pigs*

Public Enemy *Bring the noise*

Beastie Boys *Shake your rump*

Album Reviews

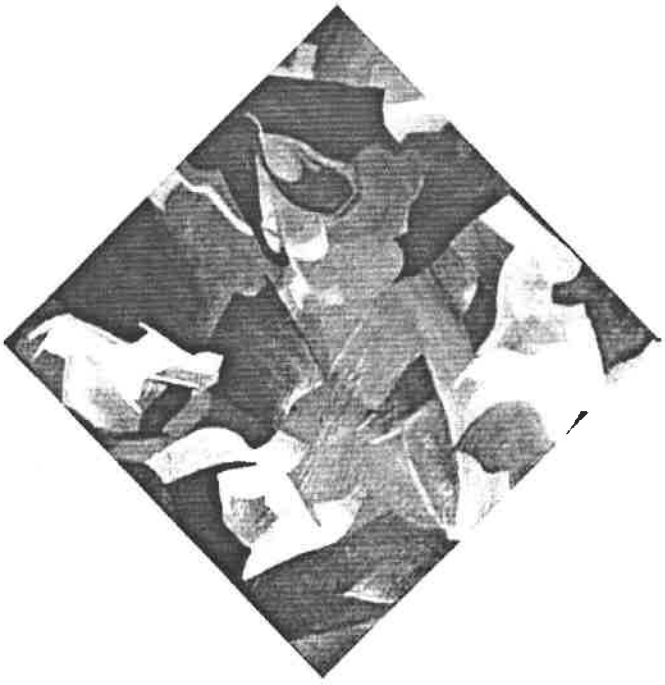
(continued)

Olivia Tremor Control
Black Foliage

always fancied himself a great patron of the arts, and surely admired Zappa's talent and unwillingness to compromise. And both had produced terrible films about their bands, whose accompanying soundtracks are near genius. Magical Mystery Tour's soundtrack featured the brilliant title track, "Fool On the Hill" and "I Am The Walrus," though the film meanders around some half-baked idea that anything can happen on this crazy bus 'cause we're the freakin' Beatles and look at that fat lady! Zappa's Uncle Meat film turned out just as bad, minus the concept, but the double album of the same name is a masterpiece of avant-garde chamber music. If Zappa had worked with the Beatles on that album, applied his deconstructive editing technique to the psychedelic-era experimental Beatles, it might sound an awful lot like *Black Foliage*.

Olivia Tremor Control work from a different context - *Black Foliage* is a brand new record. But still, it sounds as though it was conceived without the faintest notion of Nirvana breaking the Top 40, Alternative/Modern Rock radio, or Woodstock '99. *Black Foliage* is not a response to what's going on in music today. It's steeped in tradition, but it's not a retro throwback the way the vapid "swing" revival tries to be the easy-going, snappy-dressing older brother of punk. It doesn't imitate Sgt. Pepper the way the Stones did years ago, it is informed by it. And, like Zappa's work with the Mothers, it's not really even rock music.

Olivia Tremor Control have more to do with visual and conceptual art than guitars or drums. The album's songs materialize out of ether, and they grow like cell division. A song will develop layer by layer, piano then cello then horns until it eventually topples over itself and degenerates to staticy, record-skipping noise. On Zappa's *We're Only In It* and *Lumpy Gravy*, he used found sound - snippets of conversation, surf records, sped-up tapes - to cut up his compositions. It seems random on first listen, but the disintegration actually becomes the composition itself. And every once in a while, like on the



extended side 3 freak-out "The Bark And Below It", *Black Foliage* and *Lumpy Gravy* sound almost exactly alike! "Black Foliage" becomes the album's theme song reinterpreted several times (referred to as "animations"); the way painters repeat visual themes. One time it will be humming voices as guitars, another time it is a collage of previous animations. The effect adds color as well as unity to the album. There is a concept to it all, which is spelled out at length in the liner notes: "Careful thought was also considered as to making the music pulse with the rhythm of modern life, at times things seem quiet, or multiple sounds merge... let your environment in....". John Cage would be proud.

So it gets awful academic when you pay attention to the liner notes, but y'know, it doesn't matter. The record's real strength is its song-craft, not its braininess. You really don't need to think about how post-modern it is to enjoy it - the songs are just really good. Which is why the Beatles records did so well in the first place. Most Beatle fans didn't give a shit about John's awareness of the avant garde when they bought Sgt. Pepper - it's just a bunch of good songs. And the songs on Black Foliage have this lilting, baroque bounciness that betrays their fascination with psychedelia and the dense orchestration of Brian Wilson. It's airy and super-melodic, lush and colorful. You can tell they have huge record collections with obscure bands like The Chocolate Watch Band and Tin Tin. Heck, they even named their recording studio "Pet Sounds Studios".

Olivia Tremor Control are part of a collective called Elephant 6, along with Neutral Milk Hotel and Apples In Stereo. These guys are all friends, they play on each other's albums, start spin-off projects, try to outdo each other with enigmatic packaging (try to find the band name on the record cover). And they seem to be smoking the same influence pipe - Apples In Stereo's newest record, *Her Wallpaper Reverie*, is a great slab of psychedelic pop. It's the only coherent movement in underground rock right now. Which might not last for long, because REM just called Athens, GA's Olivia Tremor Control their favorite new band.

- Vince Eruptum

Website Reviews

It's not just for porn anymore

Okay, maybe it's just me leaping on yet another bandwagon, but here are a few sites you might want to check out when it's slow at work. If you have anywhere to recommend for the next issue, email them to us at this e-mail address, and give out a shout to Bob's Johnson:

contentoverplot@yahoo.com

Project Vote Smart

www.vote-smart.com

For all you activists out there, fuel your fire here. This beautiful, well-kept, intelligent site is a one-stop shop for all your political needs on-line or off. If you're on-line and have this address you can no longer cry ignorance of our political system.

By covering current, future and past elections, as well as the status of bills before Congress, with an effortlessly navigable site, this is the Rosetta Stone for any modern grassroots movement. They provide links to every state, agency, and to practically anyone who is considering a run for higher public office.

They have put together the National Political Awareness Test (NPAT) with the help of "227 of the nation's most prominent political scientists, journalists and national leaders" in order to force the candidates to give as honest an answer as possible on a variety of important issues.

In short, if you have any interest in what in the hell is going on politically, this is a great place to start.

The Onion

www.theonion.com

Okay, I'm really just putting this here to make sure the last ten of you in town who haven't become Onion addicts get your first hit.

Billing itself as "America's Finest News Source", The Onion is quite possibly the funniest site on-line. If you like your humor sharp and painful with articles like "Soulmate Dropped For New, Better Soulmate," "Casual One-Nighter Gives Strom Thurmond Change Of Heart On Gay Issue", and "New Old People Magazine Gives Old People Something To Read While Waiting To Die", then get the hell to this site.

Classic Gaming

www.classicgaming.com

Call me a freak, but I think just about the coolest thing about the current computer/internet age is that I can play every game I had or wanted as a ten year old. I know I'm not alone. A friend of mine and I were both terrifyingly excited over the chance to play the mind-blowing, state-of-the-art, lightning fast Apple II text game "The Hitchhikers Guide To The Galaxy".

So, if you're still pissed at your mom for selling your Atari 2600 at her last yard sale, don't fret, Classic Gaming is here for you. They have links to pretty much every possible emulator (the thing that makes your PC think it's really a Commodore 64) and ROM (the "cartridge") on-line, and they're not afraid to share. And, if you can't find the fast version of Mrs. Pacman anywhere in town (try the game room of the Patrick Henry Hotel), don't be shy, it's all here - poke around, you'll be amazed. From the popular (Pong) to the banned (Custer's Revenge for Atari 2600), this brilliant site has never disappointed me.

Urban Legends Reference Page

www.snopes.com

Have you ever wondered if it's true that the woman Jack Nicholson called "Sis" turned out to be his mother (yes), or if Mikey, the kid who loved life, died because he mixed Pop-Rocks and soda (no). Concerned about albino alligators in the sewers? The Urban Legend Reference Page will be more than happy to set you straight.

Taking on the awesome responsibility of researching infamous FOAF (Friend Of A Friend) stories, they manage to put together a truly interesting site. Every legend is told just like you heard in camp (with all the variations). They give a little history (the alligators have been "sighted" since the 1930s) and credit the truth, if any.

Snopes.com also keeps an eye on chain e-mails floating around (no, you're probably not going to be hunted down if you flash your brights at a lightless car in the night), and on computer virus hoaxes. Get on their mailing list and keep up with all the crap being sent around these days.

B. Fatt and Lazy's Movie Reviews

www.bfatt-lazy.com

Something about two guys with potty mouths reviewing popular movies really appeals to me. When B. Fatt responds to *Rushmore* with, "I'm pissing all over myself with glee," I know I need to see that movie.

As you might guess, the articles may not be for the weak of heart or humor. B. Fatt and Lazy, as well as the WWW, label this site "adult" - so surf at your own risk. There's not much more to say. If you've seen *South Park: Bigger, Louder and Uncut* ("A bunch of terrible plots glued together by the word fuck"), or *Lake Placid* ("This is the greatest film I have ever seen about a 30-foot crocodile that eats a bunch of people in Maine"), and need to feel the pain of a couple of witty fifteen year olds (not really), you can't go wrong.

When B. Fatt responds to *Rushmore* with, "I'm pissing all over myself with glee," I know I need to see that movie.

Okay, send me a site or two for the next issue - if I use it, I'll credit you and, who knows, maybe we'll find a prize for the best one (don't get excited).

Bob's Johnson

The Stimulants

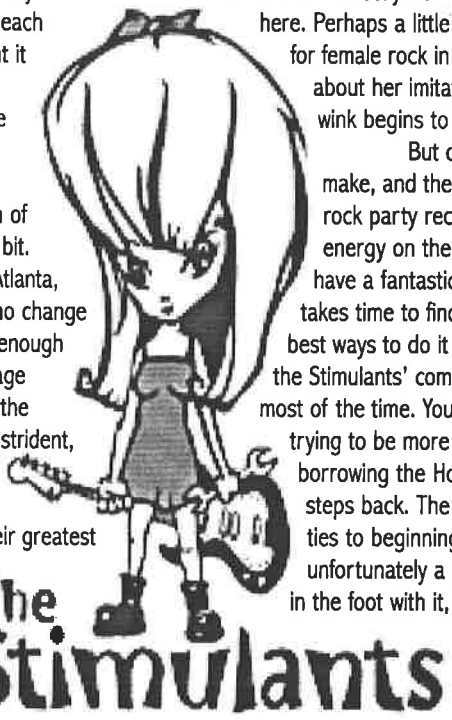
The Stimulants (Self-released)

Watch this space. The Stimulants are keen to play in Roanoke, hopefully sometime this fall.

Meanwhile, get yer MP3s and have some fun in the playground:

www.stimmies.com.

Punk rock exists in so many forms. Hundreds of styles and attitudes sprout off the punk rock family tree, and it boggles the mind to even begin counting. Go to any local punk show at your favorite dive and you'll hear four bands with four separate ideologies, as well as four different groups of fans, but all pretty much playing the same music. How many forms of any art can boast artists who contradict each other within the same style (I always thought it was weird that some straightedge hardcore kids listen to bands like the Damned and the lushy Replacements)? And it's remarkable, even at this point, 23 years after it's sloppy birth, and with such a handsome reputation of creativity, that punk rock hasn't grown up a bit.



The Stimulants are a band from Atlanta, GA, and they aren't going to be the ones who change that. They play basic rock and roll with just enough energy and pissy attitude to sound like vintage late-70s punk. Perhaps it's the economy of the recording, but their debut CD has the same strident, compressed sound that characterized a lot of the early punk records by bands like the Ramones and the Buzzcocks. In fact, it's their greatest asset that they aren't trying to do anything new. They love good music - you can spot the classy influences - but at times that dedication to their record collections becomes their worst flaw. "Playground" starts things off with well-worn school of '77 power chords. It's a strong opener for the disc, though at any moment it could slip into the Buzzcocks' "What Do I Get". Lead singer and main songwriter Sue B has a distinctive voice, which really finds its own in the next track "Suzybeat" (A theme song? Two band members of three are named Sue). This could be the highlight of the record - a fabulously bouncy, X-Ray Spex-ish rave-up that praises (like most of the record) the joys of being a little kid in a playground. Or at least acting like one. Sadly, from here on, The Stimulants stop trying to distinguish themselves from their influences. Which isn't always a bad thing - Joan Jett should consider covering the Runaways sound-alike "Daddy's Girl" - but whatever made them stand out on "Suzybeat" is gone from the rest of the disc. But who cares, right? Isn't it just punk rock? Sure, but that's not the problem. When it is "just punk rock" the album rocks like the Dickens. Things get sticky when they try to play beyond punk rock. Occasionally, The Stimulants branch out into other styles, often stumbling into bland alterna-grrl-isms. "Jazzy Song" is merely a disposable, shuffling interlude, but "Stargazing" sounds *so much* like Hole that it almost seems not to be tongue-in-cheek after all. Maybe Sue really *does* want to sound like Courtney Lovel It's got to be a put-on. With lines like "You live in a cell/ You drink the devil's well/Your life is swell/You go to hell", and vocals lifted directly from Ms. Love, there has to be some irony here. Perhaps a little jab at the self-appointed cover model for female rock in the 90s? But Sue is so earnest about her imitation that what seemed like a knowing wink begins to feel genuine.

But one bad song does not a lousy record make, and the Stimulants' debut is a good punk rock party record. They are a lot of fun, and if the energy on the disc is any indication, they must have a fantastic live show. With any new band, it takes time to find an original sound, and one of the best ways to do it is by imitating your idols. After all, the Stimulants' commitment to punk rock virtues pays off most of the time. You have to admire the Stimulants for trying to be more than just a punk band, but in borrowing the Hole vocabulary, they're taking a few steps back. The DIY ethic allows so many opportunities to beginning or underfunded musicians, but unfortunately a lot of bands are shooting themselves in the foot with it, releasing their own records way before they're ready. With heaps of excitement and a dash of vanity, punk and indie-rock bands are in such a hurry to put out a record, whether any label wants them to or not. Who can blame 'em, though? Isn't it the writer's goal to be published? And if you can publish yourself, why not? But sometimes a premature album allows a little peek at the man behind the curtain, revealing more of the band's cogs and wheels than they would probably intend.

- Vince Eruptum

Editor's note:

Mr. Eruptum is right on the money when he speculates that The Stimulants have a fantastic live show. At a recent show in Athens, GA, they played an eye-popping set that easily stole the show from the two other bands on the bill. Their songs still smack unashamedly of the Buzzcocks and Runaways (less so of Hole), but include a lot more sweet, euphonic vocal harmonies draped over their trademark powerpop chords and lunatic (as in Moon) drumming. While The Stimulants may not be redefining punk-pop, they are certainly refining it.

- Plato Shrimp

blue hour

quiet exaggeration
the noise in my head softens
and the hour shits another minute

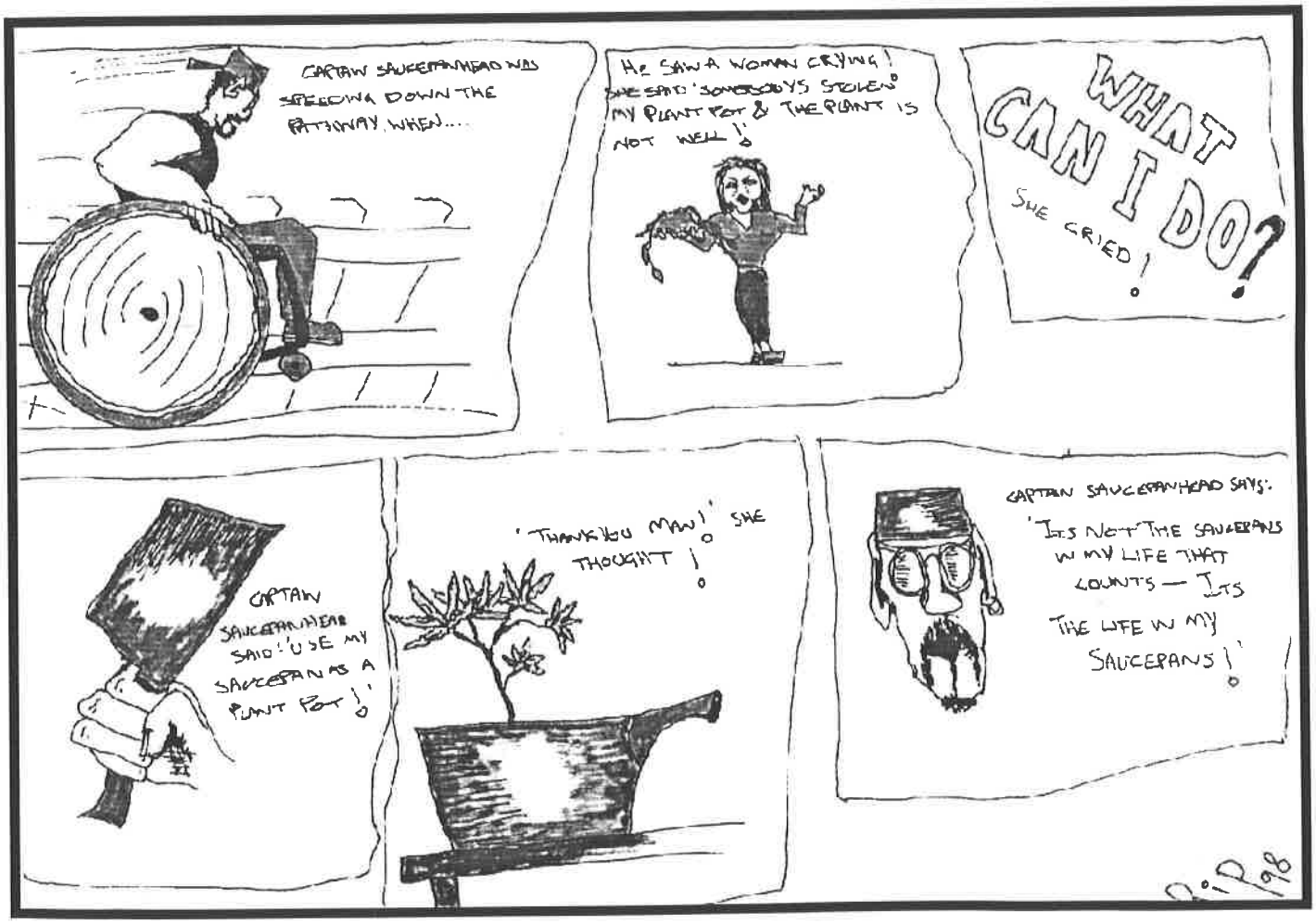
did you see me see you see him today?
I didn't think so
and if you were here,
I'd fuck you violently to kill the pain

our room is possessed
and the walls sweat blood, you know?
sometimes I taste it, lick it,
'cause the flavor is almost yours.

someday you'll slam the door to your legs
shut me out
change the locks
call me names in front of your new lover
while your sweat and his mix
vile alchemy, you heretic bitch.

I guess I'll stagger to you now
as the moon leaves town
swallow me as the sun comes
we got time to murder

;notwolf


CAPTAIN SAUCEPANHEAD WAS SPEEDING DOWN THE PATHWAY WHEN....
HE SAW A WOMAN CRYING! SHE SAID 'SOMEBODY'S STOLEN MY PLANT POT & THE PLANT IS NOT WELL!'
WHAT CAN I DO? SHE CRIED!
CAPTAIN SAUCEPANHEAD SAID: 'USE MY SAUCEPAN AS A PLANT POT!'
'THANK YOU MAN!' SHE THOUGHT!
CAPTAIN SAUCEPANHEAD SAYS: 'IT'S NOT THE SAUCEPANS IN MY LIFE THAT COUNTS — IT'S THE WIFE IN MY SAUCEPANS!'
D.P 98

COVER FEATURE

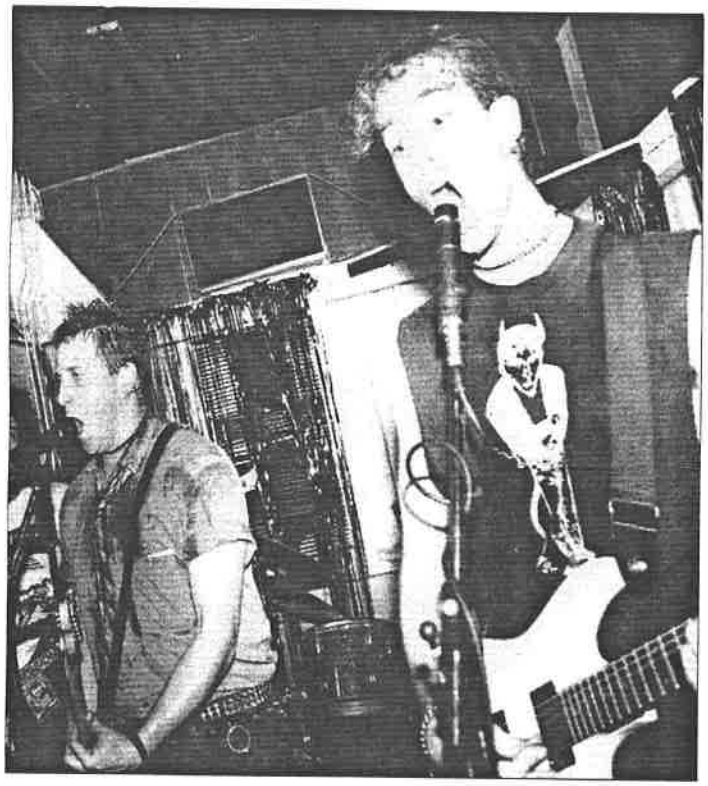
Citizen Youth

Darth Brooks suckles at the teat of punk rock

I pulled into the Getty Mart at ten after, trying to remember if Judas and I had agreed on 7pm, and hoping I wasn't late. After numerous false starts, I was determined to do this interview, even if it meant tossing a bit of beer-stained plaid in front of a bloodhound, or making some kinda 'bat signal' outta the "London Calling" poster down at Safe As Milk.

My fears were laid to rest, however, as I spotted the familiar black car with the "STICMAN" plates and the lanky blonde bloke next to it. Cradling an eight-pack of Icehouse and looking remarkably subdued, Judas was on the recieving end of the attentions of a couple of skate rats from the nearby park. While the 'rats tried to out-cool each other, Judas, drummer for the most recognized band on the scene, and himself one of the most recognized cats on the scene, was a bit shy about the whole thing. A couple of "Yeah"s and "Be Cool"s later and we were on our way. "I hope I didn't sound like an asshole to those kids," Judas mumbled over his ever-present sunglasses. And he meant it.

Stations formed, as the good ones do, from the bones and ashes of other bands. Plastic Martyr and the Raindogs were probably the main organ donors, with Obscurity and Fungus rounding out the beast. As I settle into the eight-pack with Judas and Neil (Neil Belaousuis, guitarist/vocalist) Judas jumps right in. "When Robbie left, we pretty much figured that had to be it for Plastic Martyr," he expalined. Neil picks it up. "Me and Tim (FiFi Chumly, Plastic Martyr bassist/vocalist) had been jamming for a while after the Raindogs split. "It was more what I was into than the Raindogs, I guess. It just seemed like a natural progression. We just fell together. Well, almost."



Well almost is like this: Neil and Tim had been playing together, but needed a drummer. Not only was Judas in jail at the time, but Tim was trying to steer clear of a Plastic Martyr reincarnation. In the end Judas got on board, but ironically Tim left about that time for personal reasons, leaving it much in the laps of Judas and Neil. "Tim is still in there, man," Judas is quick to say. "He's like the fifth..."

"Yeah, when he's out in the crowd, we try to bring him up. We still play his songs," offers Neil. Judas continues: "But he just had to go. He had some things to sort out, and he felt like distance might help, so he headed for Lynchburg. We still see him, but I think he's headed to school in Atlanta, which is like, totally cool." But it was still just Neil and Judas. Enter CJ Phlemking and Dylan Hendrix.

Neil and Judas explain. "Judas had mentioned Dylan a couple of times, and I knew he was real, y'know. Not everyone sees that. And we knew he played, so it wasn't hard at all for him to jump right in after Obscurity split. Around that time we tried a few bass players, as well."

"Who shall remain nameless..."

"Yeah. Having no bass player set us back a month or two. We kept trying 'em out...and all the time CJ was right there. We were just hanging out one day talking about how Fungus had broken up, and I looked at Neil and said, "there's our fucking bass player right there!"

"We wanted to keep a lot of the songs, and for Dyaln it was pretty easy, but Tim was a freestyle player, so CJ had his shit cut out for him, but inside of a month or two, he was there." Judas agrees "He's a calibre player, now. You could tell every time we played or had practice that CJ was practicing by himself, and he just got better and better. I wouldn't trade him."

(L to R) Judas, CJ, Neil, and Dylan rock the parties that rock the bodies.

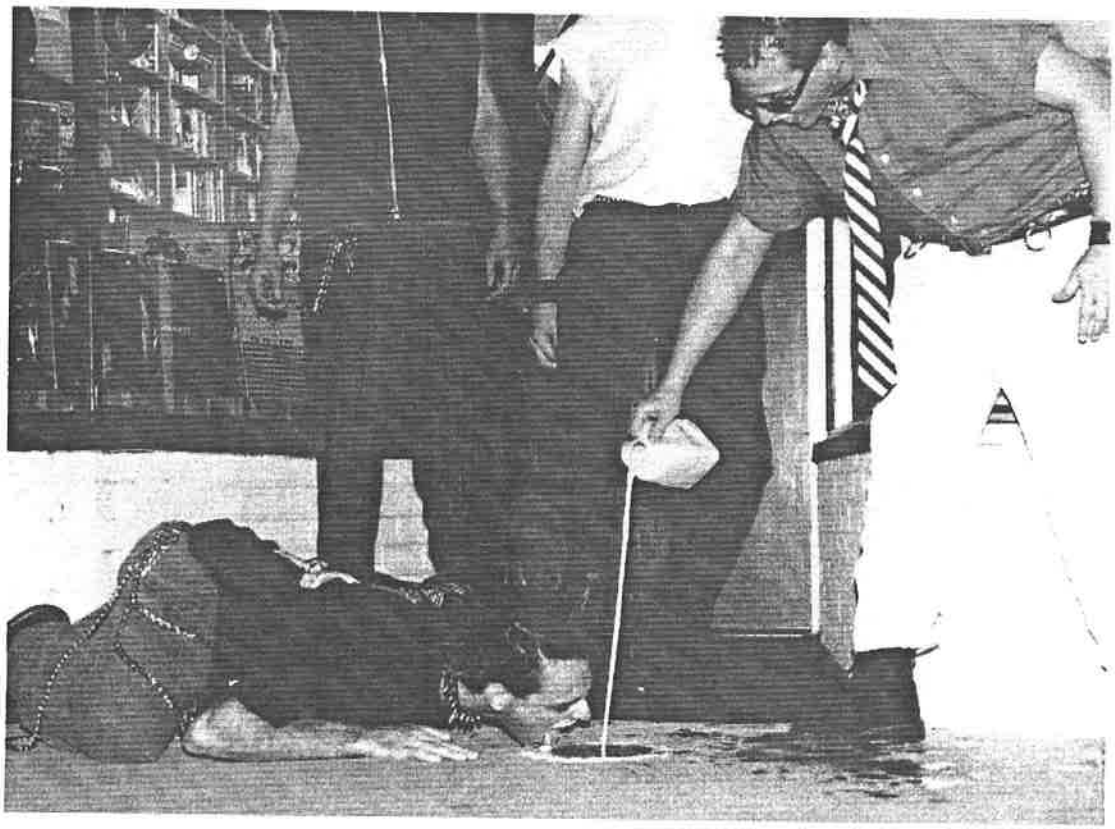
The next time I get together with Stations was during practice, so everyone was there, natch. As I make my way down to the basement, I can hear Neil sneering his way through a Clash number. No surprise here. Neil could easily be the bastard child of Joe Strummer and Tom Waits. You figure it out. "If I had MY say," says Neil over his fourth or fifth beer, "all we'd motherfucking play is motherfucking Clash. And Abba."

During practice, I am treated to a lot of the current catalog, including songs from the new CD, and a few more (non-Clash) covers , incuding an Oi'd-up rendition of The Who's "Substitute", and a punked-down version of the new wave Wall Of Voodoo gem, "Mexican Radio". Although Neil gets the lion's share, everyone in the band has a turn at the main mike. I also learn the most important fact of this whole assignment: Don't be fooled by Dylan. The man is a nut. While Judas is Judas, Neil is the grown-up punk, and CJ minds his own in that way that only bass players have (except Flea and Mark Sandman), Dylan just kinda...well...if you were trapped in the Himalayas with Stations, any one of them would probably mention the Donner Party, or eating one another to stay alive, but Dylan would be the one to take it seriously. Sure, you might think he's kinda sorta normal, but wait til he steps up to the mic. If Neil is part Clash, part Waits, then Dylan is easily equal parts Rick Neilson and Darby Crash, with more than a little John Taylor on the side. Don't get me wrong, he's not like some scary freak clown, he's just a loon; and he fits right in.

All of the members of Stations share the songwriting chores. That, plus their handful of covers, round them out pretty well. They decide on "Citizen Youth" and another for their spot on Studio Z the following night. A number of songs were considered, including "98 Goodbye", their anthem to their worst year, plagued with broken vehicles, broken hearts, and even the band's break up for a couple of months. But they agree in an almost cliche'd way that the break up actually helped them focus as a band.

They all agree on the state of the scene, however. "It's great to see all of the different people and bands coming together and working together. It's not so much 'punk this' or 'funk that'. I mean, we played a really good show with Hotplate, and it gave each of our crowds a chance to be exposed to a band that they might not go see otherwise. We're getting some real support in town too. Kathy (Neff, of Roanoke Plugged-In) is all about local music and the scene, and Heidi (at WROV) is a big help, too."

"Until she got shit on by



the station," chimes in Neil. "They put her show at 11am on Sunday. Who the fuck is up at 11am on Sunday who would be a regular listener? That's just poor representation. If WROV gave half a damn about local stuff, they'd move her where she could, y'know, shine. Joey (Philpott, of Z101's Studio Z) has the kick-ass time slot - 7pm on a Thursday, and Joey is just as behind us as Heidi is."

Judas picks it right back up. "Durty Nellies (now Kara O'Caen's) is very cool with us. Kara's been involved in the scene for a while, and Mike's real down-to-earth. Some of the kids might not agree 'cos it's harder to book shows these days with no Iroquois and no Melting Pot, but in a way these kids have really gotten kinda spoiled. Abjab (at the 'Pot) would literally book anyone, so it made it real easy to play there, and that's great exposure, but it's bad for when these bands want to leave town and play somewhere. They find it's hard to book shows, good shows."

Stations is what happens when punks grow up, and given their popularity here and on the road, this idea becomes less and less of a phenomenon. Ten years ago, I would hazard a guess that the last thing on any of these guy's minds was being looked up to by a 15-year-old with a Crass t-shirt, much less that they would be more concerned with building something than tearing shit up, but here they are. They still sneer, and they're still pissed off, but there's a world of difference that only time can produce.

The Stations game plan is to take as much of Roanoke with them when they play out of town, in hopes that bands who come here will do the same. With Judas, it's almost a crusade, and the other members don't seem to mind a bit. In fact, in spite of his profile, not once during the whole interview did I get the impression that Stations belonged to any one member, or that there were any stars in the band.

The band is equally ambivalent about the name. "Neil actually did it," says Dylan (whose name really is Dylan Hendrix, by the way). "We did the band thing where we toss around a few names..."

"Doobiefoot!" interjects Judas.

"No no no, don't start that!" yells Neil with genuine horror, but he calms down to continue. "Stations isn't really a name you can put your finger on, it's gonna mean different things to different people in different situations. It just seems to fit. Shit, it seems like these days a band will just point to a household appliance or something and that's the name. Throwrug, or can-opener..."

"Squeegee," offers Judas.

"Yeah. I guess it's gonna be weird when we're all old and they've used up all the names. I guess they'll have to go to Chinese or something"

"I'd like to learn chinese sometime," Judas thinks out loud, bottle halfway to his mouth. "Sometime when I've got some spare time. A lot of spare time." And he means it.

The next night, the Studio Z gig goes well, with everyone (including local band the Fashion Smoothies, set to play before Stations) cramming into the booth and leaving the amps out in the office. Kathy and Nicole of Roanoke Plugged-In are there, filming away. A few beers and cigarettes in the bathroom later, and it's all over til the next show, barely a week away. In the meantime there's touring bands to try to book, plans to be finalized for a house party in NC, schedule change-ups for shows in Nags Head and Virginia Beach, and Farm Disfunction 5 looming on the horizon, not to mention beer to drink, fags to smoke, and eardrums to set a'ringin'.

Gangster Booty Productions Presents

Farmers Disfunction #5

Featuring

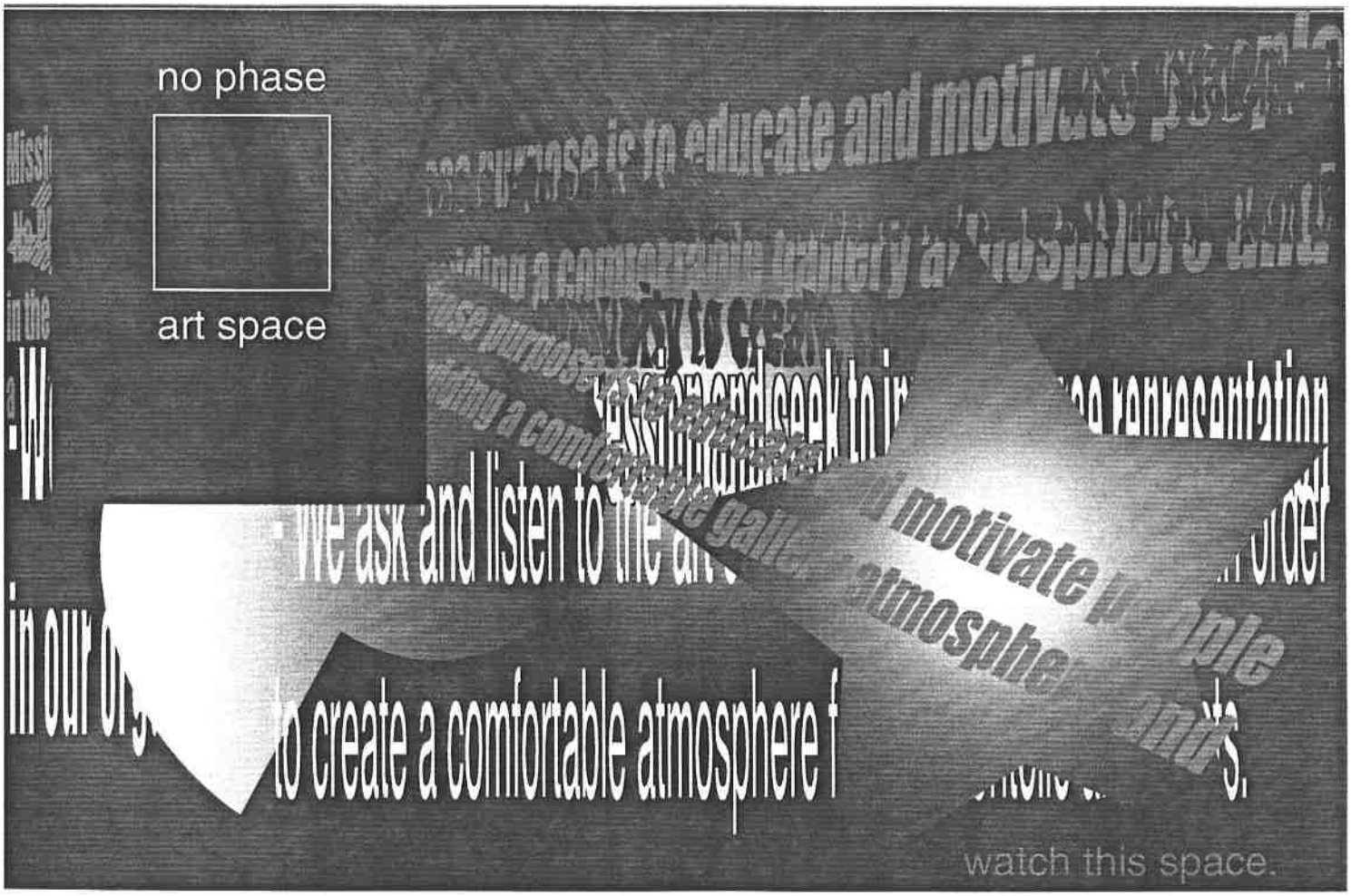
the Libertines
Stations
Shakespace
the Pimps
the Retards
thee Diplomats

and more!!!

SAT OCT 2ND
NOON 'TIL THE
LAST BAND

FOOD VENDING DISPLAYS TENTS FOR SHELTER
LIGHTS FOR AFTER DARK BONFIRE(S) B.Y.O

DETAILS: 725-3776
WATCH FOR FLYERS



Eyelids

I remember her eyes. I remember the way she laughed when I complimented them. We were driving and I remember the color of the road. It had just rained and the blue sky was creeping, like a child on tiptoe, into the grey. I had both my hands gripped tightly on the steering wheel.

She was beside me, flipping through radio stations, one perfect finger extended on the button. Click, click. The soft sound plastic makes against a fingertip. She stopped on an oldies station and "Brown-eyed girl" tra la la'd from the speakers. She was singing along horribly but a smile danced the polka on her face. I watched her eyes racing out the window, back and forth trying to capture one tree from the side of the road and getting lost in the miles that sped fast behind us. I reached out my hand for hers and she took it. She squeezed the flat of her palm against mine tightly and let it rest against her thigh.

I could see the thoughts forming behind those precious eyes, fast like lightning against a dark midnight sky. She turned her head to look at me.
"I used to think this song was about me," she said.
I smiled one of my famous understanding looks, but said nothing.
"Sometimes I still think it is," she mused.
"But your eyes aren't brown," I said.
She glared.
I laughed wickedly and said, "They aren't! They're starburst colored, little supernovas between your eyelids."
She laughed then and even now I always remember that laugh in it's total perfection.

Her eyes wrinkled slightly at their corners, and her cheeks rose and glossed as her boysenberry lips raised to a smile. Then her mouth opened, lips slightly parted and a soft breath escaped like a forewarning of the clamor to come. I could see her teeth, slightly crooked, and how they met at the corner of her gums. Her tongue rested softly against the roof of her mouth, and then, as if every moment before had led to this one, the laughter flooded forward from her throat. I could swear now that it had started deep in her belly, pealed upwards like some roller coaster at a sold out amusement park, danced off the back of her teeth and fell forward, expanding into the air like smoke.

I've spent years with that memory playing and replaying inside of my head. To most it seems quite inconsequential. I once had someone tell me I spend too much time on the little things in life, the insignificant details. They told me if I spent more time paying attention to the big things maybe I would be extraordinary. I argued. The little things, the small details, they are what make up the bigger pieces of life.

It is five years now since the day we went driving. I am in a fancy restaurant in the middle of Chicago. Everyone here is elegant. The men are collared and suited, jackets tight and stiff against their throats. The women are painted in soft tones, dresses shivering against their ankles and every look and smile is as much material as the wallpaper patterns that surround us. I myself am no exception. My fanciest tie is fitted neatly around my neck, my pants creased and ironed to a slight perfection. I'm comfortable this way now. My receding hair line is hidden beneath the way I comb my hair. It is easy to be what I am not. No one notices me and I ease back, blending into the plush velvet chairs.

The waiter, an older gentleman with grey wisps of hair, reminds me of my father. He has set my table for two. There are china plates and silver spoons for both of us. Earlier, I bought a single rose from a street vendor outside. It lies now a dark red contrast against the flooding white of the linen table cloth. The waiter brings me a bottle of wine. I watch as he pours it, pale liquid splashing and filling the inside of my glass. I sip it slowly and he does not make eye contact. We both know she isn't coming.

Star 69 #7

I love sex. And I'm not just talking about having it. Fantasizing. Dreaming. Especially watching. It's like imagining myself devouring an entire princess marzipan cake, blanketed in pink frosting and sugary gold specks. The kind with whipped cream filling mixed with a sort of crème brulee. Gooey inside. The cake I always indulge in on my birthday, but even then, one slice is all I could possibly feel good about. Sex on TV is just like that. But better.

Recently I watched my first porno. When I was a sophomore in college, at a holier-than-thou Christian school in the heart of Texas, my boyfriend at the time was crazy. Psychotic. Only I didn't know it then. He liked to sit in the dark and brew. He enjoyed cycling, and avoiding speech. Of any kind. And one day, out of the blue – or at least that's what I thought – he suggested we watch porno, and after that – and I swear to god he actually approached me with this idea, completely seriously (and keep in mind that he was horrible in bed) – he said that he wanted to tie me up and film it. On his VCR. I was appalled. Disgusted. No way. And that was that.

So we broke up – *duh*, and I moved on. I finished graduate school, got a real job, and with it, my first credit card. Finally, after years of assuming I would hate it, the curiosity got me, and I rented my first porno. Well, I actually bought it. "Star 69 #7". Four hours of hardcore sex. Women faking orgasm and men closing their eyes, pretending that the camera isn't zooming in on their ass, and finally reaching that always longed-for state of euphoria.

It did nothing. Nada. Zilch. And I did try, really tried. I closed my eyes, focused on nudity, and really concentrated. Nope. Sure, I did feel sort of good, in that happy-go-lucky sort of way, but only because 'good' is my default mode. And that's when it hit me. Yes, I want sex. Yes, I want naked bodies. But please, what about foreplay? That lovely moment of anticipation when the mind knows what's next, the body arches toward delight, and the soul yearns for wet kisses. Now that's a turn-on.

So I returned to the video store. This time, I walked in the store, held my head high, and even – *gasp* – made eye contact with the guy behind the counter. Yeah, okay, so I jumped every time the bell jingled and a new customer walked in the door, but whatever. I looked cool. Casual. And definitely in control.

My choice? "Things Change", a porno with, yes, quite a bit of sex, girls kissing in the pool, and the ever-predicable office scene, but – and here's the big one – plot. Yes, that lovely scene build-up, the hill we climb to reach that orgasmic state of climax. I'm talking character build-up. Getting to know Mary and Linda and John (real names withheld for obvious reasons), before they shed their tank shirts, tube tops and tight denim shorts. My god, what a delight.

I squirmed and lusted, fantasized, closed my eyes, even whispered at the screen. Was it worth the $29.95? Well, I recently purchased a second one, "Bad Wives" – just the name calls for satiny negligees and goosebumps.

So . . . what are you doing tonight?

Kitty Chocolat
www.smileandactnice.com

RENEGADE WHITE TRASH GARAGE POETRY

William B. Massey III

"W.B. Massey's poetry puts me in mind of a cold water shave with a blunt razor. It cuts, you bleed. Sometimes very funny, sometimes makes your skin crawl. Massey's work puts Henry Rollins in a body bag and buries him six feet under."– Bypass Direct Underground Press, London, UK

tampax super doesn't even come close
to ground round

all i knew how to cook was
macaroni & cheese and eggs
i guess that was a good thing
cause that's all we ever seemed
to have in the house.

i always treated the eggs with
a higher regard than the mac &
cheese cause after all the eggs
did come from a real live
animal, it was almost like meat
to me.
every once in a while my sister
would turn a few extra tricks or
something cause like ...
magic a big juicy roast or some
ground beef would appear in the
ice box.

one night before they were fixn'
to go out my sister came waddling
down the hallway, her girdle her
panties down rond her knees and big
red blood all over her thighs and
dripping quite freely from her
hairy middle part, hollering, "mama
mama get a towel i'm floodn' i'm
floodn' hurry up!" the look on her
face
was that of smelling
something stench like.

with every drop of blood that hit
the ragged linoleum i could almost
taste the smell of a nice juicy
roast slip right out of reach...

beer cans blood & temporary filth

it must of been the humidity
the rain brought in that intensified
the smell of the unwashed temporary
work force.
it surrounded me like a homeless
noise.
at first i thought that the
preacher must of lost his dentures
until i noticed the black flat stubs
that lined his still pink gums.
he sat besides me and talked about
some cows he once owned
now all he had was an unshaven face,
3or4 layers of filthy cloths, an old
straw hat that had seen WWII, sockless
feet crammed into lesser than worn
out shoes, a mouth full of still talking
shit rotten teeth and to some well doers
the useless, why bother desire to keep
on living. the thing is, if thats all
ya got it may seem like alot.
all of this, these thoughts semed to
climax with the fact that i watched
thru the hole in the bathroom door
where a door knob had once been the
young black girl i had seen earlyer
collecting cans from the dumpster
outside make her self a tampon by
wrapping toilet paper around a straw
and put it into her period because hey,
thats all she had...
they never called my name for a job
so after watching a couple of roaches
crawl out of my lunch bag i decided to
eat what was left of my peanut butter
sanwitch and just go on back to the
fucking house, it rained for the
next 3 days.

A FLY ON THE KITCHEN WALL OVER AT JOHN DICK BOWMANS HOUSE ROUND SUPPER TIME...

will you please get your ass in there and fix me somthin to eat and i don't care what it is just as long as it don't look or smell anything like that shit you fixed last night godamn that crap would gag a fuckn maggot & i hope to hell you didn't throw that shit out side cause if ya did it'll run off all my cats and if ya run off all my cats again i'm gonna knock a godamn knot on your head, and oh baby, while your over there would you bring me another beer damn i worked my ass off today and havn' to put up with that steopid ass eugene is a godamn job in it's self,fuck i told marty that he was about as useful as a tit on a godamn queer ass bore hog, a feller like is gonna get somebody killed or worse and thats a nuther thang whats the hell tha deal with the godamn crunchy ass peanut butter in my lunch today ain't nobody in their right mind ever ate crunchy peanut butter the only people i ever saw eat that shit was some of those goofy ass weirdos that i went to jr high school with tha kind of sick bastards that they would catch jackn off on their sisters and shit and i hope to hell on god's green ass that you ain't tryn to send me some kind of one of these sublime mosages cause i done told you a long time ago that all that shit that happened between me and my cousin was innocent,hell we didn't know what the hell we were don. now see ,thats what i'm talking about your always trying to get me off track and shit,i don't think that that was mrs. baird's bread on that crunchy ass peanut butter sanwitch today and how many times have i told you godamnit that i don't like anything but mrs. baird's bread,you'd better not tell me that that was some of that rainbow or sunbeam shit cause you know good and godamn well that thats what they give all them motherfuckers up there in the jail and you know that i can't stand them kind of motherfuckers that stays in the jail everybody knows that the only kinds of sons a bitches thats in jail is them godamn niggers and mexicans and ain't nobody got no use for them except the kiway department.hey.you kids you kids better stop lettn that screen door slam like that cause next one of you little knot headed fuckers that does it i'm gonna get up from here come over there and kick the dog shit right out of ya ya hear me? give me the salt...whatdaya mean we'er out of salt godamn theres only two thangs in this world that make me happy and thats mrs. baird's bread and plenty of salt godamn fuckit i'm not even hungry anymore,one of you kids come over here and get this shit and go feed it to the cats godamn son of a mother fuckn bitch no godamn salt what in the hell do i keep you around for anyway,oh yeah and speakin' of that don't you think its bout time you got up off of some of that pussy,i mean hell how longs it been...a week or two the way you keep that shit herded up you'd think it was made of gold but let me tells ya somthin...it ain't cause if it were we'd have already takn' it to the pawn shop oh come on baby you know i'm just messn' with ya, i mean you ain't on the rag or nuthin are ya? cause you know i can't stand no woman with a bloody twat that makes me sick as a fuckn' dog even just to think about it that and some one putting fabric in their mouth,i don't know what it is but i can't stand to see anyone put a piece of cloth in their mouth,i don't know,it just makes me cring.hey baby,do us both a favor and dry your hands real quick and get me another beer cause you know that i can't stand dirty soapy ass dish water on my beer can.

If you can't get enough of this excellent stuff, get more at www.anti-heroart.com, or write to Mr. Massey at genuinelizard@mailcity.com, or Genuine Lizard, POBox 2044, Fort Worth, TX 76113.

Bubba has HIV?

Just because you're straight and you consider yourself religious doesn't mean you're safe from HIV.

By **Adair Branner**, BA, RN, Director, Southwest Virginia HIV/AIDS Resource Center for Healthcare Providers

In Roanoke, Virginia, we don't have to worry about HIV. We are all celibate (unless married), or have only one sexual partner (because we don't divorce). None of us subscribes to an alternative lifestyle that could possibly involve homosexuality or drug abuse because it's not God's way, or the way of rural Southwestern Virginia.

This, of course, is pure myth; the facts tell quite a different story. The Center for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta reports that the southern region of the U.S. accounts for the largest proportion (34%) of new HIV cases. Of these new cases, 54% occur in rural areas. The CDC study indicates that sexual behavior creates the greatest risk for exposure to HIV (67% for men, 66% for women). High risk sexual and drug behaviors are responsible for the high transmission rates.

Currently, the most at-risk population in rural society consists of individuals between the ages of 13-24. These individuals tend to be of African-American or Hispanic descent, and the most common mode of transmission is heterosexual activity.

Contrary to predominating cultural and/or religious opinion, statistics indicate that HIV is a problem in rural areas like Southwestern Virginia. Superficial adherence to standardized cultural norms does not guarantee an individual or population immunity from communicable disease, sexual or otherwise. Education, however, based upon factual information, enables society to deal effectively with disruptive elements, such as HIV and AIDS, that affect the individual within it.

Although the availability of factual knowledge is important, equally if not more important is what an individual chooses to do with these facts. The educational outreach in areas with a high, or potentially high, incidence of HIV must not only address false beliefs and cultural stereotypes, but should also seek to relate these facts in a culturally sensitive manner, which enables the target population to gain the most benefit from the available knowledge. Ignorance and false beliefs must be replaced with these facts, and subsequently incorporated into risk-reducing behaviors.

There must be easy access to agencies that assist with individual and cultural change, and the services provided must be broad without compromising focus. Funding, resources and manpower are essential. Rural agencies have the additional burden of a geographically large service area. Medical access can be difficult due to distance and finances. Small towns present their own unique difficulties regarding the maintenance of confidentiality. Fear of the unknown, and the prejudice it breeds, have led to numerous cases being reported of families, churches and whole communities ostracizing one of their own. Nowhere is this destructive behavior pattern more evident than in rural America.

Fortunately, the state of Virginia has been proactive in anticipating some of the difficulties involved in HIV education, healthcare administration, and the problems that beset HIV clients in rural Southwestern Virginia. In Roanoke and throughout the surrounding region (see panel below), several agencies act independently and in collaboration on behalf of people with HIV.

Roanoke/Alleghany Health Districts
Services: Ryan White funds for medical assistance. Phone: (540) 857-7600 ext. 116.

Carilion Infectious Disease Clinics
Services: Infectious disease clinic; Ryan White funds for medical assistance; counseling services. Phone: (540) 981-7406 (adult); (540) 224-4429 (pediatric).

Roanoke AIDS Project
Services: Education/prevention programming; support groups; HOPWA funds for housing assistance; food, clothing and medical supply closet; emergency financial assistance. Phone: (540) 345-4840; 24-hour beeper (540) 224-2979.

Blue Ridge AIDS Support Services
Services: HOPWA (housing assistance) lead agency. Phone: (540) 344-6705 or (800) 664-2506.

Southwest Virginia HIV Resource and Consultation Center
Services: Education, consultation and training for healthcare workers; internet searches; patient education materials.
Phone: (540) 985-9755 or (800) 950-4056.

AIDS Council of Western Virginia
Services: Age-appropriate HIV prevention education; outreach and risk-reduction; HIV information and resource referrals; CDC-approved HIV prevention materials; technical support to individuals, groups and agencies; training to individuals and community agencies; reference library and internet research; Medicaid HIV waiver case management.
Phone: (540) 985-0131 or (800) 354-3388.

MAD WORLD

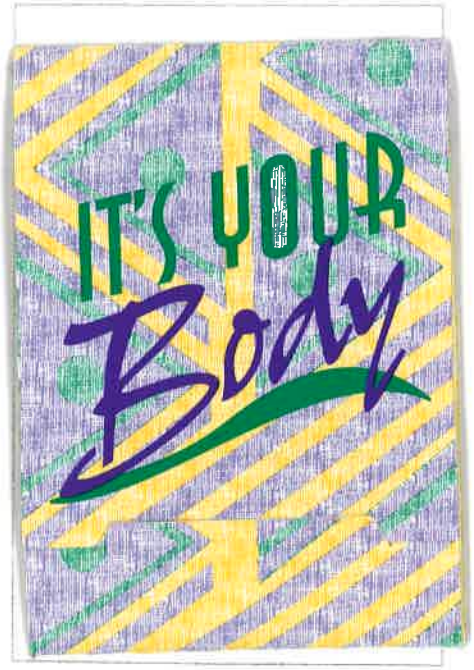
"A man is regarded only as a real man by his wife if he is capable of bulldozing her sexually in bed. Whoever you are, as a man, if you cannot go more than one round of sex with your wife, you are bound to lose your self-respect before her. A lot of men today have become impotent due to spiritual attack, but Alhaji Qumas is a natural healer and master palmist who can solve your problems. Listen to this tale, and wonder.

A young man called Tubosun became impotent and avoided sex with his fiancée for two years, until she became worried and dragged him to Qumas' office for help. When Qumas checked Tubosun's palm, he discovered that his nympho-maniac landlady was responsible for his problem. The sex-hungry woman had used her charm to kill Tubosun's manhood after the young man rejected her several love advances. Qumas treated Tubosun and he regained his potency in weeks. After treatment, when Tubosun made love to his girlfriend, she was so surprised at his utility that she nicknamed him 'Mr Bulldozer', meaning that he was very good in bed.

You too can turn into a bulldozer before your wife. Just contact QUMAS PALMISTRY, 44 SHYLLON STREET, ILE-ISE, BUSSTOP, ILUPEJU, PALM GROVE, LAGOS. Warts, veruccas, piles, scabs on eyes, lumps and brain tumors also treated. We always massage." *(Advertisement in Temp (Nigeria), 05/27/99)*

"The beer bottle was lodged deep inside Mr Lopez's rectum," surgeon Reiniery Jimenez of San Pedro Sula hospital told a press conference in Honduras. "In fact, the neck was stuck in his large intestine. We only discovered it when we X-rayed him, and although we tried to massage it down through his colon, we finally had to remove it by cutting through his abdomen, and bringing it out through his lower stomach. We still can't figure out why it rose that high, instead of descending."

Jose Lopez, a Honduran fisherman, was equally unable to shed light on recent events when he spoke to reporters. "I suppose it must have got there two weeks ago. I was out alone in the fields one night drinking aguardiente, and after about two quarts I passed out. When I woke up next morning, I felt something strange inside me, which gave me some pain and prevented me from defecating, but I didn't know what it was. It felt like being pregnant, because I could feel something moving up and down inside me when I walked or changed my position. The strangest thing is that I don't drink beer. I don't like it. Still, the surgeon told me that there is money back on the bottle, so it's not all bad news." *(The Jakarta Post, 05/10/99)*



The Southwest Virginia HIV/AIDS Resource and Consultation Center

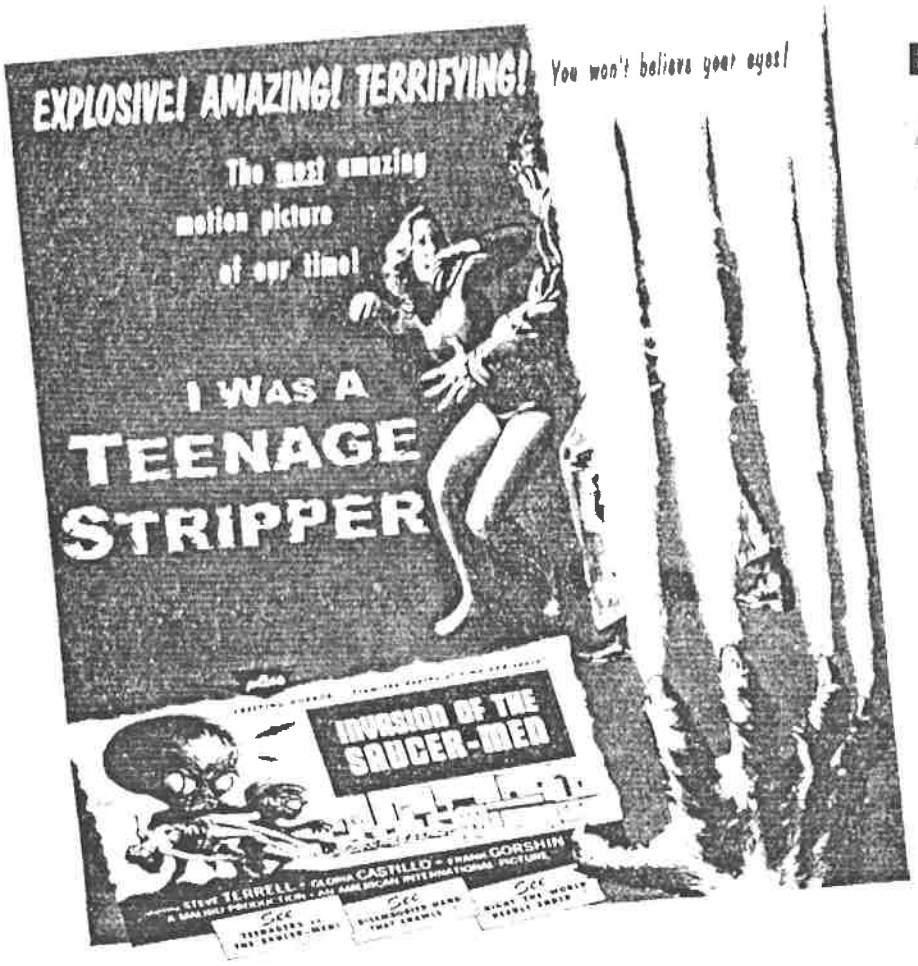
1016 2nd Street SW, Roanoke, VA 24016

Phone
(540) 985-9755
(540) 985-9756
(540) 224-4407
(800) 950-4056 (outside Roanoke)

Fax
(540) 224-4405

Internet
www.med.virginia.edu/medicine/clinical/internal/hiv/home.html

Email
SWVARCC@roanoke.infi.net


EXPLOSIVE! AMAZING! TERRIFYING!
You won't believe your eyes!
The most amazing motion picture of our time!
I WAS A TEENAGE STRIPPER
INVASION OF THE SAUCER-MEN

By Antoinette Volley

THE FENCE INTERVIEW

How did you get started?
Well, I needed a job, and it seemed like I'd already had every crappy job in Roanoke. So I said what the fuck, I like to dance, and I'm not too self-conscious about running around in my underwear because I was raised in a house with only women. I thought everyone ran around in their underwear.

Where did you work?
As we all know, there is only one place that could even remotely pass for an actual strip club in this town. I also worked in Richmond and Virginia Beach. The Richmond connection worked out great - I would call the club and tell them I wanted to work, and they would schedule me for Friday and Saturday night. They would provide me with a hotel room for Thursday and Friday nights. I would have to pay for my own place to stay on Saturday night, and then work Sunday afternoon.

Did you pick up any interesting skills?
Hmm, I could climb a pole to the top of the club. I never had that kind of upper-arm strength before that, and I've probably lost it now - it's been a few years. I could also hang upside down using just my legs. Oh, and I can pick up a dollar bill with my butt while wearing heels.

Why are you doing an interview with yourself? Are you crazy?
No. The best person to interview a former stripper is a former stripper.

Did your mother know that you did something like that?
Yes, there wasn't really much that my mom could do about it because I was of age and not living at home. Also, one of the greatest things about my mom is that she trusts me, and she knew that I wasn't getting into any trouble like drugs or prostitution. Sometimes she would give me a ride to work.

Are you ashamed of yourself?
No, I'm not. I really enjoyed that job a lot. I wasn't doing anything illegal or morally wrong. I went up on that stage of my own free will and danced in front of people, got paid for it, then went home, and had a good time to boot. I didn't rob anyone, the tips I got were given freely. I don't see why I should be ashamed.

Did you feel demeaned, exploited or taken advantage of?
No more than I would if I went to a nightclub,or wore a short skirt and walked

down the street. I don't think it makes any difference whether a woman is wearing a g-string and pasties, a baggy sweat suit, or an adult diaper - guys are going to think of them in a sexual way if that's what they have on their minds. I'm not saying that people thinking of other people in that way is acceptable - it's going to happen no matter what.

What do you think about people who say the sex industry exploits women?
I really don't understand how anyone can say that unless they have worked in the sex industry and have had that experience: I think that most people who go on about exploitation haven't had that experience.

If a girl strips, it's usually because she wants to, needs the money, or both. If she doesn't like it then she should quit. If she continues to strip and it makes her feel bad, then why would she stay there? If no one is holding a gun to her head, she should just go work at a burger joint. If someone is holding a gun to her head, then she needs to get serious help from the authorities.

I liked my job. No one made me, or any of the ladies I worked with, do it against our will. We each had our own reasons for being there, and none of us was there by force. You're not being exploited if you're doing something of your own free will.

Are you a slut? Did you turn tricks, or worse, to get by?
No, I'm not a promiscuous person. I'm also not a demon in the sack, which is a common misconception. I did not turn any tricks, and had no intention of turning tricks when I started the job. No one offered me money for sex, and I have no intention of ever doing that. For the majority of my stint as a stripper, I was in a monogamous relationship. My boyfriend didn't care - I was dancing before we got together, and he was not supporting me financially, so there was no reason for it to bother him.

What kind of music would you dance to?
I would dance to music from my own record collection. I really like a lot of different kinds of music, mostly stuff from the 80s, disco and rock. Sometimes, I hated working out of town because DJs would automatically assume that, because I'm black, I would want to dance to R&B or rap, but I really preferred more rock-oriented music.

Why did you quit? Did the experience change you?
Roanoke is a small town, and the club here always had some sort of legal or religious institution on its back claiming there wasn't a very big clientele for that type of place. I also experienced what I believed was racial prejudice - my friends told me that when I came on stage, some men actually wouldn't look at me when I danced, but they would look at other women. Plus, it wasn't paying the bills any more - I wasn't ready to move to a bigger city at that time, so I got a "real" job.

Stripping for a living didn't change me, but I never thought I would become desensitized to the sight of a beautiful woman in a g-string sitting legs apart in front of a mirror asking "Can you see my string?"

What type of people are strip-club owners?
In my experience, they were just club owners, not lecherous, or pimps, or worse.

What would you like to say to end this interview?
Don't judge me. I'm a nice person, and I have a pretty good set of morals. I wasn't a stripper because I wanted to get laid or steal someone's husband. I did it because it was fun and it made me happy. If I ever move away from here I would do it again in a hot minute - it was a very positive experience. In fact, if I could do it all over again, the only thing I would change would be to move away so I could continue dancing for a living.

That job was so much nicer than the so-called"good" job I now have, and I wouldn't trade the life lessons I got from working as a stripper for anything in the world. I learned a lot about myself and others while doing that job, especially that the important people in your life will always be there for you, no matter what.

"Where's the fu#king election special?"

Well, it was gonna go right here. We apologize humbly, but (and this is true) the response was so good (thank you to everybody who filled out a form) that we didn't have time to compile the responses.

Fence's best statistical brains (Mr. Shrimp's cat) are working on it right now, so it will definitely be published in the next issue.

MAD WORLD

"Notification for Guests. Don't leave the valuables and cash in your room. Our sentry in the front desk can keep those for you and charge nothing. If they vanish, he is irresponsible.

"According to Chinese Law and the relevant regulations of our Hotel, you should not take the articles that are easy to flammable, to demolish to the Hotel, you should not take narcotic drupes and the articles that have the exploding for taste and persecution and the radioactivity to our Hotel. You should not go whoring, take chirp, mame dog and gamin in the Hotel. Don't do something wrong because you drunk too much.

"The time for payment. For the guest who live for a short time, they should pay the cost for room and service charge before they leave. For the guest who live for long time, they should pay the cost of room and service charge of last month by 5th of each month. No threat no kill."
(Notice in Hanshou Hotel, China)

"Look, it's not so much that we're interested in women's Sumo," the owner of the Kabukicho club in Tokyo's Shinjuku-ku district told reporters, "but there's about a hundred massage parlors located near to us, so we have to offer something a little out of the ordinary. And a lot of men enjoy wrestling against a topless female opponent, and will pay handsomely for the privilege. That's why Sumo Play is becoming Japan's fastest-growing sport."

But one of the club's leading female wrestlers, Miyu Fukko, was less than enthusiastic. "It's so embarrassing, having to wear just a loincloth. It's more perverted than wearing nothing at all. The loincloth's not much bigger than a piece of string, and it's always getting caught between my cheeks. I'm doing this for the money, and even though I'm a grand champion, I don't really have a clue about Sumo. I just stand there while the men wrestle me to the floor, or slap my chest."

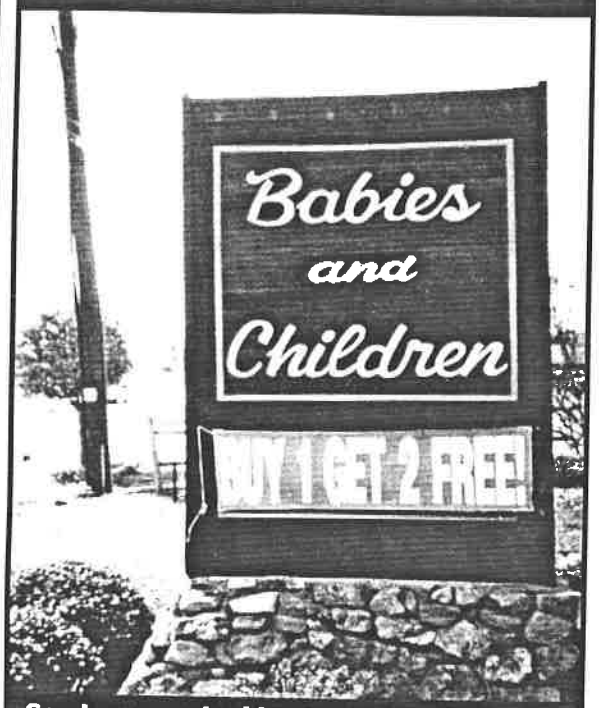
Her colleague Michuru was equally underwhelmed. "This club made its name as the massage parlor where the women didn't have any pubic hair. Clients used to get a good, close look, and we didn't mind. We all knew where we were. But now dressed in this ridiculous loincloth, the men stare at us for ages while we oil ourselves, and then they just wrestle us out of the ring. Sumo Play? You can stick it up your dirt box, as my granny used to say."
(Yomuri Staibon Newspaper, 10/20/98)

"Nipple stealing from mermaids has become a huge problem in Irish pubs," Sam Stewart of Richmond Design told Richard Costelloe. "That's why our company began specializing in making replacement nipples. It's a delicate business which requires a skilled carpenter, because each pair have to be made-to-measure, to fit the mermaid's bust size."

Costelloe, the owner of Moby Dick's (a nautical theme pub in Limerick), had earlier outlined his problem to Stewart. "I wanted a mermaid as a focal point of the pub, and I bought this one because it was an authentic carving, which had spent many years on the bow of a ship. She's life-sized and looks very pleasant, but the day after we opened the pub, I noticed that her nipples had gone. She looked very peculiar without them, and I hadn't any idea where to find replacement ones, but eventually I tracked down your company. Since then, I must have got through a least twenty-six pairs of replacement nipples. Incredibly, we've never seen the nipple thief in action, even though the mermaid is in the center of the bar, in full view of everyone."

Stewart then described some of the anti-theft measures his company has tried. "Connecting the nipples to the electricity supply was, apparently, illegal, and the police soon put a stop to that. Since then, we've used all sorts of glue, but none of them was strong enough, so now we're making the nipples in two sections. The carpenter screws the back section of the nipple onto the mermaid's body, and the outer section fits snugly over this. This creates a suction effect, and we're also using the strongest glue, so we're feeling more confident this time. This design has already lasted for four weeks on the mermaid of another pub we look after, so now we're hoping that the nipples are here to stay." *(Woman's Way, 02/27/99)*

F-STOP



Send us your stupid yet amusing photos, for publication in F-Stop, and we'll see if we can dredge up a worthless prize for you.

F-WORD

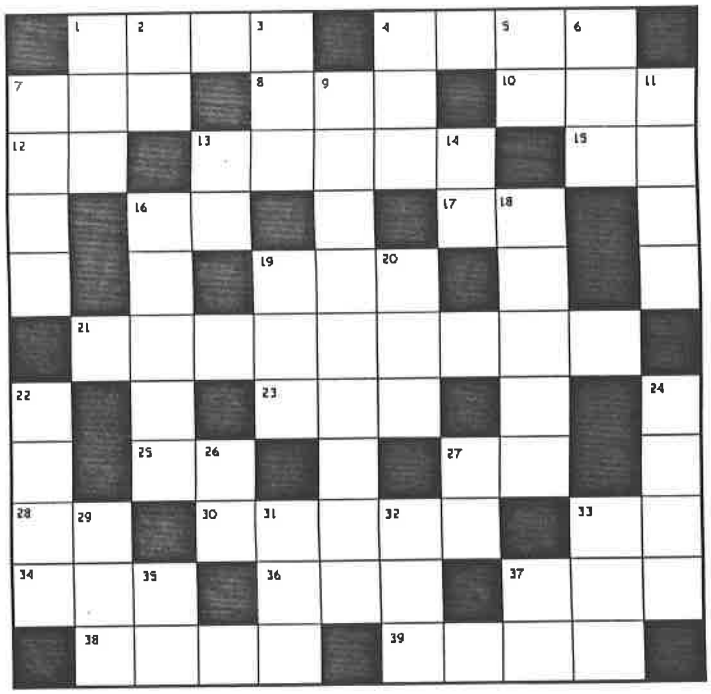
Okay, keep in mind as you do this F-Word that it's taken from a 1970 Rock n' Roll crossword puzzle book - think 1970 1970 1970. *THINK MUSIC SCENE.

Across

*1. _____ Feliciano.
*4. _____ Campbell.
7. Prefix signifying "each."
8. Nickname of 16th president of U.S.
10. His wife was changed to a pillar of salt.
12. A preposition.
*13. Ringo plays these.
*15. Seventh tone of the scale.
*16. The Holding ___ *(abbr.)*.
17. A score in Football *(abbr.)*.
19. To have eaten.
*21. _____ Airplane.
*23. _____ la la la la.
*25. __ __ mas & the Papas.
27. Pronoun for "we."
28. A continent *(abbr.)*.
*30. He wrote "The Times They Are A'Changing."
*33. ___ ___ L U
34. To take a seat.
36. Organ for seeing.
*37. A measure of music.
*38. Diana _____.
*39. Where the animals (who don't make records) reside.

Down

*1. __ __ __ hro Tull.
2. Denoting an alternative.
*3. Organ of hearing.
4. A stone used for jewelry.
5. The (*Spanish*).
6. A word denoting negation.
*7. _____ McCartney.
*9. Iron _____.
*11. _____ Tim.
*13. First tone of the scale.
14. Saint *(abbr.)*.
*16. "The _____ of the crop."
*18. This recording group you don't knock on.



19. Fore and _____.
20. A period of time marked by distinctive character.
*22. David __ __ __ __ idy.
*24. The _____ Seasons.
26. Since Christ was born (*abbr.*).
27. World organization for peace (*abbr.*).
29. What you're walking on when you're in love.
31. A word of assent.
*32. Joan B __ __ __.
33. _____ Vegas.
35. Serving to specify something approached.
37. Box office *(abbr.)*.

The answers will be in the next issue. If you MUST complete it and need hints, email us and we'll help you. Practice - we'll have prizes soon.

TRAVEL

WACKO EN MEXICO

It is better to travel than to arrive, concludes *Fence* travel correspondent **Cliff Erosion**, after discovering that paradise is thick with loopy Scotsmen and endless filth.

Playa El Coyote in southern Baja has been our home for nearly a month now, so it's going to be tough to drag ourselves away from our palm-leaf beach house and daily guzzling of local mezcal. To make it even tougher, erstwhile Coyote Beach resident and all round good guy, Steve, has returned laden with a ton of cerveza and some potent Baja weed. But leave we must – to keep a promise to meet some friends for a Hell's Angels reunion on the toxic shores of the stinky old Salton Sea in southern California.

To add to the fun of our last few days here, we awoke yesterday morning to find a giant RV parked right next to our beach hut. What an unpleasant surprise it was to discover that this unwanted neighbor was a mad Scotsman. It's a rare treat to meet someone who is at the same time terminally boring and quite insane. I knew something was awry when I read his bumper sticker: GOD IS MY CO-PILOT.

He was a real nosey bastard. Before long he'd been the length of the beach, and checked everyone out, including us. That night, as I lay comatose on the sand doing some satellite watching, he strode purposefully over and barked, "Do you drink bourbon?" I've yet to refuse free Jack Daniel's, so naturally I said "yes." While helping myself to generous measures of his JD, I mentioned that I had been satellite watching. I soon realized this was a mistake.

At the mention of satellites, his eyes lit up strangely, and he proceeded to tell me all about his UFO sighting some years earlier. He claimed the UFO was a "mother ship," because it was, he said, about four blocks long and covered with flashing red lights. I suggested a possible link to our old friend JD, but he scoffed. Since that sighting, he had clearly taken on every crackpot theory about UFOs: he even claimed to have traveled to distant galaxies with the Queen of the Universe, who, apparently, lives in the Pleiades.

Aliens ate my Bible

Nuttiest of all, though, were his views on the origins of man. "Adam and Eve had two sons, right? Cain and Abel," he ranted as his eyes started to glaze. "Cain killed Abel and then went out into the wilderness and found himself a wife," he continued, his maniacal outpourings completely unhampered by the gobs of saliva congealing at the corners of his mouth. "But who was she? There were no women." By this time

his face was about six inches from mine, and he was shouting. "She must have been an alien," he howled as he spat in my eye. It was definitely time to leave Coyote Beach.

So we made a run for San Diego, via Tijuana. We stopped overnight at a rancho in a nowhere sort of place called Cataviña, where we met two refugees from Coyote Beach, Tim and Jean (he American, she English). The rancho had a little restaurant, which served great Mexican peasant food, and me and Tim tore into a gallon of Cuervo and talked gibberish for hours. We got on famously, and even talked about meeting up at the Hell's Angels reunion – Tim had been a biker in his younger days.

Tim's wife, Jean, however, was not impressed by his boozing, and in the morning they'd gone. She had nagged him all night to quit drinking and to get to bed, so she probably hauled him out of there good and early to prevent he and I getting into another session. Poor bloke.

My head's stuck in the toilet

The border crossing at Tijuana was strangely uneventful. After a month on the beach, we couldn't wait to check into a motel. We were tired and dusty, and clean sheets, clean showers, and clean restrooms were a major luxury after the Mexican filth. After non-flushing, fly-infested toilets and poisonous water, I felt like drinking from the toilet bowl once we hit San Diego.

We treated the Bronco to some premium gas and a new air filter, stocked up on provisions, and hit the road again. Where we're now camped is a pretty little pine forest in the mountains east of San Diego, and we have about a two-hour drive to the biker frenzy tomorrow. Should be interesting: I phoned Chuck, the former Mescalero who owns the bar where the reunion will take place, who said he'd made 15 gallons of salsa and bought 200 lbs of meat for the barbecue. Can't wait.

Apparently, we left Baja just at the right time. We were told that around the end of February, the Mexicans get a series of religious holidays in the run-up to Easter. This is the time they hit the beaches mob-handed, and completely trash them, mostly just to piss off American tourists. Veteran Coyote Beach residents were expecting the worst. Usually, everything gets burned in beach fires – outhouses, beach huts, poles holding up the power line to the beach (needed to pump fresh water from the well), everything. The locals leave tons of trash and broken glass, and generally make it unpleasant.

In the next issue of FENCE, Cliff Erosion fights with Hell's Angels and eats 200 pounds of pork barbecue.

The filth and the fury

This seems to fit with the way that Mexicans treat their country generally. There is a strange paradox here: Mexicans claim to love their country, and are fiercely nationalistic, and the country itself is very beautiful. But they have, seemingly, no respect for it. All of the country we saw was filthy: but it was avoidable filth – trash is just dumped randomly in huge quantities.

Although the good memories of Baja far outweigh the bad, there is one vision of Baja that will stick in my mind forever. We were cruising down the coast road, which is flanked by endless beautiful beaches and outrageously blue water on one side, and hazy towering mountains on the other. As we rounded a curve, we were confronted by a scene straight from hell. An entire hillside was strewn with wrecked cars amid giant hundred-year-old saguaro cacti covered by millions of plastic grocery bags. It looked like some obscene Christo installation. Garbage fires burned everywhere, and what was once a vista of raw elemental beauty had been transformed into a diabolical landscape garnished with dead dogs and billions of flies. I don't remember reading that in any vacation guide.

Garbage fires burned everywhere, and what was once a vista of raw elemental beauty had been transformed into a diabolical landscape garnished with dead dogs and billions of flies.

DRINKING

Mondo Cosmo

"Man, being reasonable, must get drunk," said Lord Byron. FENCE asked "The Colonel," a great admirer of England's famous literary drunkards and drug addicts (and a world-class piss-artist himself), for a lesson on how to do it in style.

Ah, the rustle of ice through alcohol...

The Cosmopolitan, as far as I can ascertain, is a relatively new cocktail, and thus open to broad interpretation. Starting with my own interpretation, followed by a few other variations I've mixed, the Cosmopolitan will serve as a context in this article for the subtle yet heady joys of cocktail mixing. Remember, cocktails are a moveable feast, and one must tinker until the concoction is to one's own liking, or level of competency.

The very first thing you will need for the perfect Cosmopolitan is an accomplice. By that I mean a veteran cocktail shaker with a history. One that has seen a rich and productive life and developed a "memory" of previous use. New cocktail shakers are made of cheap stainless steel and impart an unpleasant metallic taint to fruit juices and sweet spirits, such as rum.

If a new shaker is to be bought, then clear glass is the material of choice as it allows visual clues of color and content of the proposed tipple, and doesn't "sweat" as much as stainless steel. Colored glass is fine if you are comfortable with your cocktail-making ratios. One cocktail shaker I recently saw in an antique shop struck me as a particularly good example of the beneficial qualities of age. With its unique patina of use, decoration and obvious memory, I had no doubt that, could it talk, what stories it would tell. Things to look for:

Shape

Not too slim, which will limit the passage of spirits and mixers over the ice, but substantial enough to sit comfortably in one's hands without danger of slippage. At all costs shun "The Bullet" and any derivatives. Shaped like an ammunition shell, it was very popular in the 1920s, and has had something of a revival. It has its place as a travelling mixer, as its proportions are similar to a regular bottle and it fits snugly in a "Personal Bar," but as an everyday shaker it fails on many fronts.

Capacity

As you will come to realize, I favor the upper end of the scale, but this is by no means a prerequisite. But do bear in mind how big your glasses are, how many people you are going to mix for on a regular basis, and how many rounds you desire to dispense without returning to the drinks cabinet. Also, only an amateur would mix too much and allow the remains to warm in the shaker before the next round is needed (never a problem chez moi). The one I favor for "at home" cocktails holds one-and-a half imperial pints of liquid without ice. This allows for two generous cocktails plus a handsome top-up, without over-warming (a phrase used for the melting of the ice by the cocktail and, hence, the dilution of the mixture). Warming is not a bad thing by any means. The second cocktail or top-up should be slightly weaker than the first - it's only polite, but warming (melting ice) keeps your second visit to the shaker a suitably chilly one.

Ease of Use

For a first, or primary, shaker, gimmickry or over-complication should be avoided - only three parts are needed: the body, the lid and the cap. Vessels shaped like penguins, fire extinguishers, bells or top-hats are all well and good but, frankly, don't make a better or funnier cocktail.

The mouth of the body should be big enough to take a hand strainer to pour off those stirred cocktails you might go on to make.

The spout and breather, which comprise the lid, should be a tight fit, but not so tight as to render it immovable when cold. Look for a small, but vital, breather hole in the lid, on the opposite edge to the spout, which allows air to enter as the concoction exits without "glugging", which might lead to spillage - how horrid! The spout that I favor is small, like that of a hip flask. Unlike the wider, centered style of spout

which must allow air into the vessel as liquid exits, resulting in an unrefined gush of liquor, the smaller, smooth-pouring spout allows, with practice, a degree of flamboyance to the pourer. But beware - nobody likes a show-off.

The Ingredients

Vodka: Stolichnaya - the one, the only. Distilled from 100% Russian grain. Keep it in the freezer. All other vodkas have combinations of sweetness, flavor, color and clarity that make them highly unsuitable for this purpose. Stoli has a neutrality that allows a Cosmopolitan's other member parts to breathe, and does not impart a smell of alcohol - only the most poorly mixed cocktails smell of alcohol! Adventures can be had using raspberry or orange flavored Stolichnaya. But let's get the basics first.

Fruit juice: Most regularly cranberry fruit cocktail. But the modern combinations of CranApple (tart), CranRasberry (tarter), or CranCherry (sweeter) are all appropriate. For the connoisseur, pure cranberry juice can be used. Traditionally used as a uric or renal cleanser, it is extremely tart and makes a puckeringly dry Cosmo.

Angostura Aromatic Bitters: As far as I know, this is Dr J.G.B. Siegert's only contribution to the world. A man who new how to quit when he was ahead! It has been available since 1830 and, contrary to popular belief, does not contain, nor is it derived from, Angostura tree bark. Rather, it is named after the town in Venezuela where the good doctor developed it.

Sours: Made exclusively of freshly squeezed key limes and Meyer lemons and nothing else. If possible use a ceramic or glass juicer to, again, avoid any metallic taint to the drink. In a pinch, the juice from those squeezy plastic lemons and limes is acceptable. Key limes and Meyer lemons are big, so if you are unable to find these specific varieties, pick the biggest available fruit in the store. There is a long list of alternative ingredients that can change, adapt and derive the basic constitution of a Cosmo - I'll get to them later. Next, the mixture..

Drink Yerself Smarter

A herd of buffalo can only move as fast as the slowest buffalo. When the herd is hunted, the slowest and weakest are the first to die. This natural selection is good for the herd because the strength and vigor of the herd as a whole are enhanced by the regular killing of its weakest members.

In much the same way, the human brain can only operate as fast as the slowest brain cells. Excessive intake of alcohol, as we all know, kills brain cells. Like the buffalo, the slowest and weakest are the first to die.

Regular consumption of substantial quantities of alcohol in all its glorious forms, therefore, eliminates the weaker brain cells, thus making the brain faster and more efficient.

That's why you always feel smarter after a few drinks.

— Dogbolter

What follows are my recommended proportions, in order of introduction to the shaker, for a one-and-a half-pint capacity shaker, and for prolonged consumption without the danger of blackouts or drastic memory loss (a bonus in anybody's book). Remember, that is a liquid-only volume. We will be adding ice which uses a lot of that space, and we won't fill it to the brim to allow for shaking space.

- Half a pint of Stoli.
- Half a pint of cranberry fruit cocktail.
- Sours of half a Key lime and half a Meyer lemon (or a hefty squirt of each plastic substitute).
- A double dash of Angostura (you know - splut, splut).

You should now have enough room to add about half a tray of ice, which in turn should still leave about an inch of space to "shake" in.

Press the lid on firmly, screw the cap on, grip the shaker with both hands (I'm going to assume you are right-handed, if you're a lefty reverse these instructions), left hand at the base of the body, right around the top. Pick the shaker straight up, slip your left little finger under the shaker (safety first!), and hook your right index finger over the lid, being careful to cover the breather hole with the base of your index finger at the same time (God, this is exciting). You now have the shaker at your mercy. The lid can't flip off due to your right index finger, the shaker can't slip through your hands due to the placement of your little finger, and it can't wriggle free from your vise-like grip.

Ignore anything you've ever seen or heard about shaking a cocktail. This is a Cosmopolitan made from the finest ingredients that are about to be suffused and mingled, caressed by ice, not beaten and bruised and broken on the rocks, Tom Cruise should be shot.

All that needs to be done is a sharp upward motion keeping the shaker more or less vertical, followed by a sharp downward motion. Only do this three or four times with a slight pause between each up and down motion. Pour into martini glasses (ours hold about 7 fluid ounces), and drink.

Repeat the mixing motion on your return to the shaker and you will decant a Cosmo as tasty and consistent as the first.

Amaze guests and influence people with your newly found skill.

The Colonel has consumed more fine beverages than you can shake a stick at. FENCE's hope is that he will awaken from a Bacchanalian reverie in the not too distant future and pen another erudite column for your reading pleasure.

The Dogbolter principle (see above) applies, however, so God only knows what the Colonel's next column will address. The smart money at FENCE's editorial dumpster is that it will be on the metaphysics of typography, or on how to drive a Hummer while ripped to the tits on bad laudanum.

ARSE IMITATES LIFE

The final thoughts of Darth Brooks

In 1991, with one foot in college, I found myself employed at the most wondrous of places: Kinko's. With little to no computer experience, I was suddenly thrust into a veritable playground of copiers, computers, printers and papers of all flavors and sizes. Plus, I was on third shift.

I could not have asked for a better gift from the gods. At Kinko's I not only learned nifty computer stuff and photo imaging, but I had all the time in the world to play with it, having nothing to do and having just moved to town.

Now, freaks know instinctively that freaks need Kinkos (maybe that's why they're all 24hr joints). Flyers, notes, magazine articles, 7-inch covers, art projects - alla that stuff was vital to the freak life, so I knew that all I had to do was bide my time.

It began with flyers. I could copy enough flyers for a club so that I'd get my cover waived for whatever show the flyer was for, then I got adventurous and made a few flyers of my own. Soon, I was the flyer guy.

Now, keep in mind that this was a good 10 years ago, before every student had a computer and the 'net. I relied instead on my obscenely huge assortment of otherwise useless magazines and comics, coupled with Kinkos Tech, and a few tools to tweak the brain in the wee hours, and soon I knew all the bands, which led to all the shows, and parties and all kindsa mess (Coincidentally, one of my fave mags to 'borrow' from was a British thingy called *Deadline*, where, at virtually the same time, Mr. Plato Shrimp was whiling away a few freelance nights. How bizarre). Did I buy my way into the scene? Sure. Just like a musician, or a door person or a bartender.

And it more than paid off. Soon, I published the first issue of a 'zine called *Morgasm* (after Morgantown, the setting for this little story) which looked remarkably like the first issue of FENCE.

Morgasm tooled along for a good year or two, which led me to real writing jobs with *MaximumRockNRoll*, *Alternative Press*, and a monthly column in a state-wide mag called *Graffiti*. The natural progression has led me through eight rejection slips, from *Spin* all the way to this here rag, which I have to say, i am very proud of.

"Darth," you're saying, "what the hell are you on about?" Well, lemme tell ya. I am fed to the neck with hearing how Roanoke sucks, and if a pound of LSD, some comics and a photocopier can lead to this, then you have no excuse.

When was the last time you picked up that guitar? Or a real book, not a manual or a textbook? How many days a week do you spend at the TV? Do you write? Do you draw? Do you use that internet for something other than www.lesbian-schoolgirl.com? Next time you watch that Frasier rerun, ask yourself what you coulda done instead.

Get off the Fence, or as Diamond Dave sez, "go ahead, jump."

CHEAP

Fence – get off it, then advertise in it.
Special introductory rates – expect them to go up soon.

Quarter page	Half page	Full page
10 bucks	15 bucks	25 bucks

Use your Television

Roanoke Plugged-In

your local music T.V. connection.

Check your cable guide for times and listings.

SAFE AS MILK Fun Page

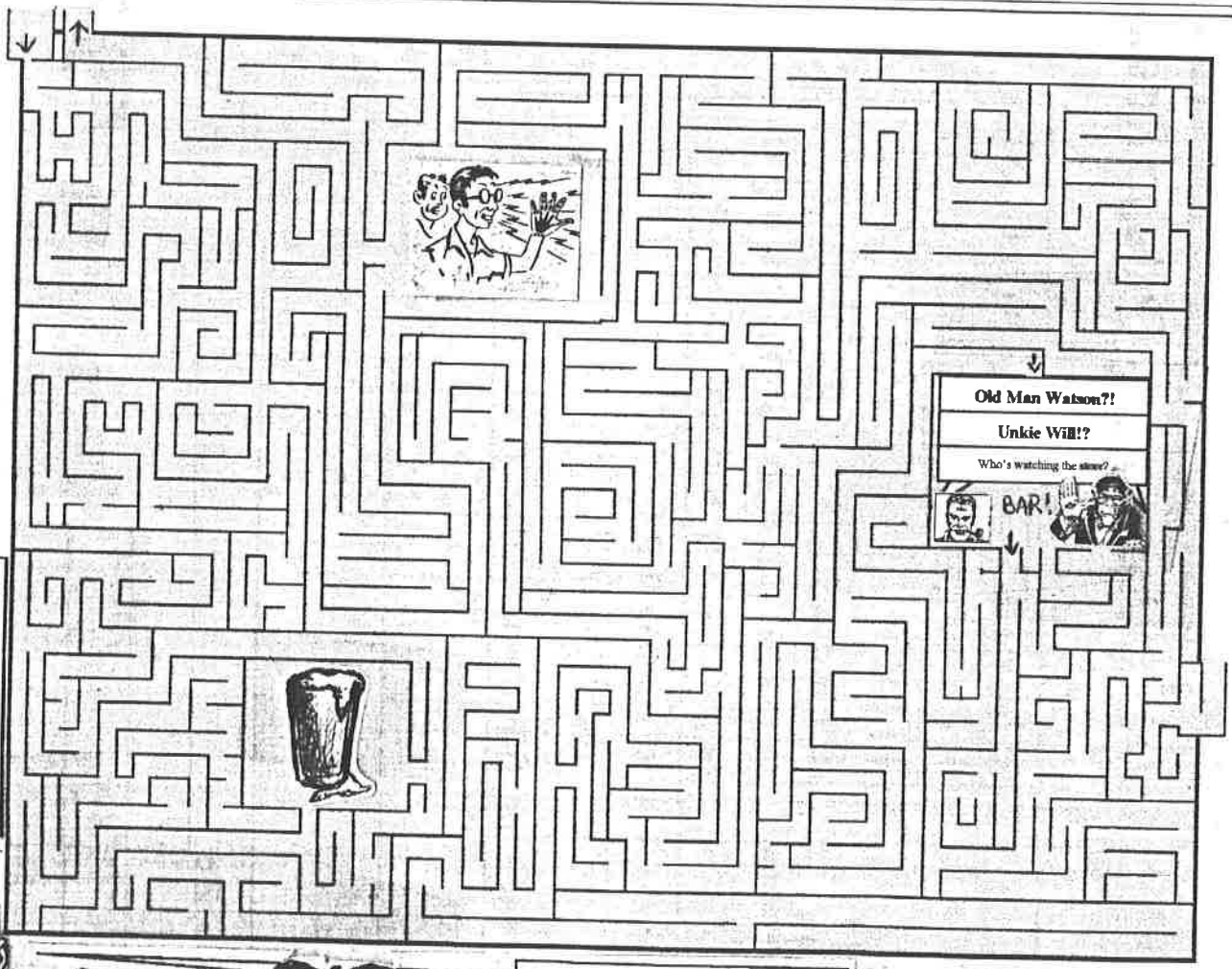
WITH Unkie Will & Old Man Watson

Look Kids !!

- New & Used Vinyl
- Used CDs, Tapes, and Videos
- We Buy and Trade too!

Old Man Watson's Question Of The Week

Hey Kids! Help Unkie Will get from Safe As Milk to the bar for a beer before Old Man Watson finds out!! Hint: use the back door!



What in the Heck are those guys doing?

And why are they so happy about it?

Safe As Milk

20 Kirk Ave SW
Downtown Roanoke VA
540 982 7789
safe.as.milk@juno.com